

SERMONS

IN SONG No 2

BY GERTIN COLFAX TULLAR
AND ISAAC H. MEREDITH

Speaking in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs

TULLAR & MEREDITH
*Tullar Meredith
Co.*

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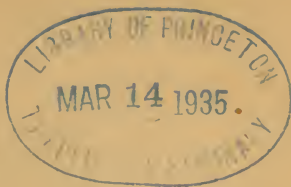
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SERMONS



IN SONG...

No. 2.

EDITED BY

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR

AND

ISAAC H. MEREDITH.

For Use in Gospel Meetings and Other
Religious Services.

PRICE LIST.

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SERMONS IN SONG, No. 2.

Greeting

. To those who are longing for the "Gospel Set to Music," in a new and attractive style, "Easy to Learn and Hard to Forget," we send forth this little volume, earnestly praying that it may be to you what its title indicates: "Sermons in Song."

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR,
ISAAC H. MEREDITH.

Chicago, Ill., 1899.

SERMONS IN SONG.

No. 2.

No. 1.

IN THE SUNLIGHT.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. In the sun-light of His pres-ence, In the glo - ry of His love,
2. In the sun-light, pure and cheering, On-ward ev - er be our way,
3. In the sun-light let us wan-der, Till the scenes of life are past,

Let us wan-der t'ward the mansions He pre-pared for us a - bove.
With His gen - tle hand to guide us To the fade-less fields of day.
And with sheaves go home re-joic - ing, When our call shall come at last.

CHORUS.

In the sun-light, in the sun - light, We His smil-ing face may see;

In the sun-light, in the sun-light, Waiteth joy for you and me.

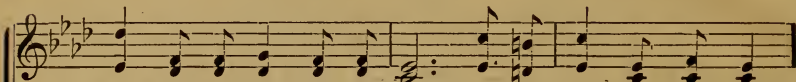
No. 2. THERE'LL BE LIGHT BY AND BY.

MELVILLE WINANS MILLER.

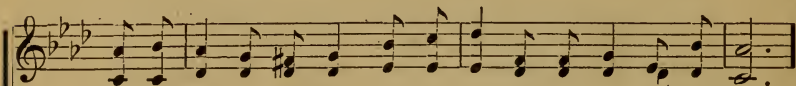
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



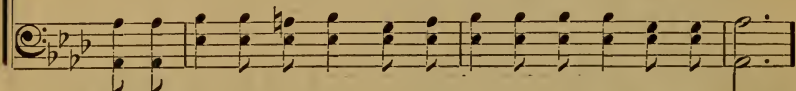
1. Dost thou grope in the dark, Fear-ing God doth not mark Thou art
2. There is hope for thy soul, Tho' the waves high shall roll, And the
3. Is the day dark to thee, And thine eyes do not see That thy
4. Tho' the shad-ows be deep, And the dark-ness doth creep Like a



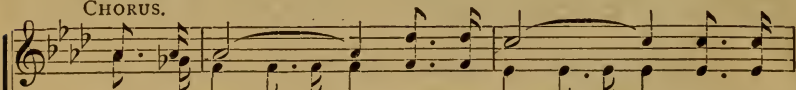
bound for e - ter - ni - ty's shore? Oh, be sure He is nigh,
 - tem - pest shall sweep o'er the sea; Tho' the storm-clouds shall rise,
 Lord and Thy Sav - ior is nigh? Tho' the dark - ness be great,
 pall, troubled soul, o - ver thee; Oh, those shad - ows shall flee,



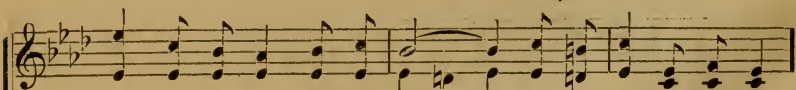
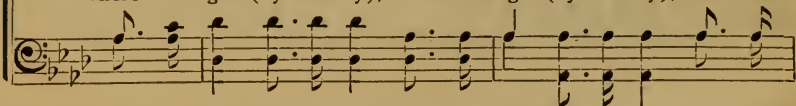
And He hear-eth thy cry, There'll be light by and by ev - er - more.
 And in wrath hide the skies, There'll be light thro' the darkness for thee.
 Thou hast on - ly to wait, There'll be light ev - er - more, by and by.
 For the Christ loveth thee—There'll be light by and by, soul, for thee.



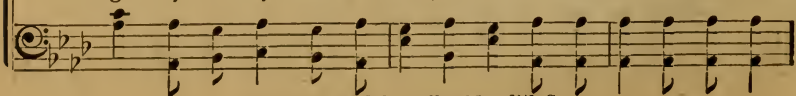
CHORUS.



There'll be 'light (by and by), There'll be light (by and by), There'll be



light by and by, soul, for thee (for thee), Oh, the morn-ing shall dawn



THERE'LL BE LIGHT BY AND BY. Concluded.

And the darkness be gone, There'll be light, there'll be light by and by.

No. 3. TEACH ME, LORD, TO PRAY.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

Prayerfully.

1. Teach me, Fa - ther, by Thy spir - it, When I stand be - fore Thy face,
2. I would come in - to Thy presence, Tar - ry with Thee all the day;
3. I've been slow to learn the les - sons Which have come from day to day;

How to ask for need - ed guidance, How to seek Thy help - ful grace.
 Seek to catch Thy faint - est whis - per, Hear Thy dic - tates and o - bey.
 But Thy patience, Lord, has conquer'd, And I love Thy righteous way.

When with - in my clos - et kneeling, There with ear - nest - ness appeal - ing,
 With my ear - nest heart thus yearning, With Thy spir - it's aid discerning,
 I would give my best en - deav - or; From Thy ho - ly presence nev - er

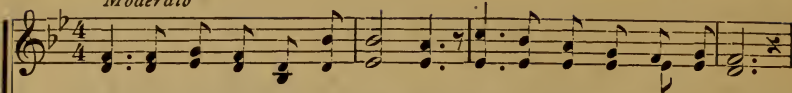
With Thy word its light re - veal - ing, Sanc - ti - fy that place.
 In Thy school I would be learn - ing, Learn - ing how to pray.
 Would I stray, if Thou wilt ev - er Teach me, Lord, to pray.

No. 4.

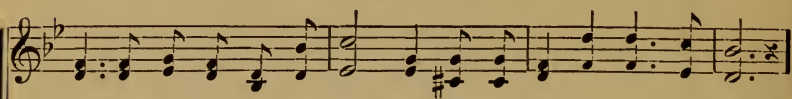
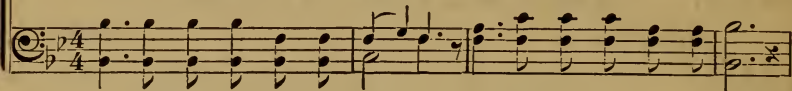
FACE TO FACE.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR

Moderato

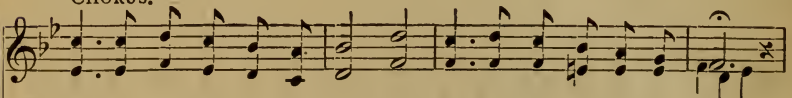
1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark - ling veil be - tween,
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are ban - ished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! oh, bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;



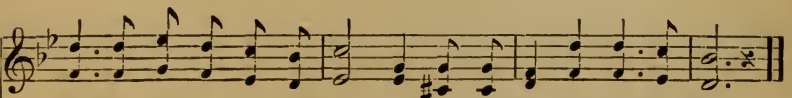
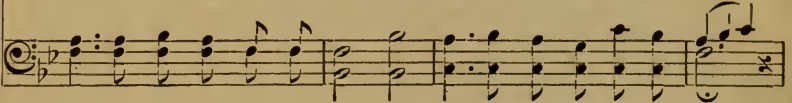
When with rap - ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
 But a bless - ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
 When the crook - ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
 Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.



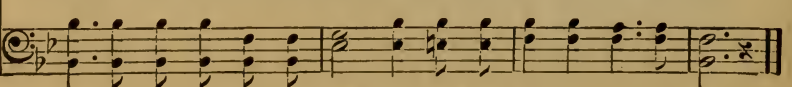
CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky;



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!



C. S. K.

C. S. KAUFFMAN.

1. There is now no con-dem-na-tion in my soul, Perfect rest (perfect rest),
 2. Now my life is hid with Je - sus Christ in God, Far a - way (far a-way)
 3. I am cru - ci - fied with Christ and yet I live, Yet not I (yet not I),—
 4. Thus a - bid - ing in my Lord and He in me, I am kept (I am kept)

heav'nly rest (heav'nly rest), For the blood of Christ has cleans'd and made me whole,
 from the world (from the world); I am feed-ing dai - ly on His precious word,
 Christ in me (Christ in me); I am liv - ing by the faith that He will give,
 day by day (day by day), And I walk by faith, although I can - not see,

CHORUS.

I'm a - bid - - - ing in Christ,
 I am blest (I am blest), sweetly blest (sweetly blest).
 Precious word (precious word), blessed word (blessed word).
 Blessed faith (blessed faith), liv - ing faith (living faith).
 Ev - ry day (ev - 'ry day), all the way (all the way).

ing in Christ, He's a - bid - - - ing in me;

I'm a - bid - ing in Christ, He's a - bid - ing in me, He's a - bid - ing in me;

There is therefore now no condemnation, For from sin He set me free (set me free).

No. 6. THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. A - wake, a - wake a joy - ful strain, O shout the news o'er hill and plain;
 2. Farewell, ye fields of sin, fare-well, I can no long - er in you dwell;
 3. Long wea-ry years I toiled, a slave, But Je - sus Christ my freedom gave,
 4. In heav'n at last, when earth is done, And we have gathered, one by one,

No more a slave, I now am free,—This is the year of ju - bi - lee.
 My Father's house now waits for me,—This is the year of ju - bi - lee.
 And this He'll glad-ly do for thee,—This is the year of ju - bi - lee.
 We'll sing through-out e-ter - ni - ty A nev - er-end-ing ju - bi - lee.

CHORUS.

O hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord, My lost es - tate has been re - stored;

Christ paid the debt and made me free,—This is the year of ju - bi - lee.

No. 7.

JESUS WILL LEAD.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

SOLO *ad lib.*

SEMI CHORUS.

1. While I tread life's pil - grim way, Je - sus will lead, Je - sus will lead;
 2. Tho' the sky may be o'er - cast, Je - sus will lead, Je - sus will lead;
 3. Tho' the way be dark as night, Je - sus will lead, Je - sus will lead;
 4. When I reach the Jor - dan's tide, Je - sus will lead, Je - sus will lead;

SOLO.

SEMI CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry step, by night or day, Je - sus will lead me a - long.
 And tho' fierce the storm - y blast, Je - sus will lead me a - long.
 Both in dark - ness and in light, Je - sus will lead me a - long.
 Till I've cross'd to E - den's side, Je - sus will lead me a - long.

REFRAIN.

Yes, yes, Je - sus will lead, Yes, yes, Je - sus will lead,
 Yes, He'll lead, my Yes, He'll lead, my

Till I reach the Gold-en Land, Je - sus will lead me a - long.
 will lead me a - long.

R. L. S.

Rev. R. L. SELLE. Arr.

1. Sin-ner, the Mas-ter is seek-ing for you, Seek-ing, seek-ing,
 2. Wan-d'r'er, the Sav-ior is call-ing for you, Call-ing, call-ing,
 3. Lost one, the Shep-herd is look-ing for you, Look-ing, look-ing,

seek-ing for you; All thro' the long night, drear-y and storm-y, He's
 call-ing for you; Hear His sweet voice now gent-ly en-treat-ing, He's
 look-ing for you; Far out in - to the high-ways and hedg-es, He's

out seek-ing, seek-ing for you. } Seek - - ing,
 out call-ing, call-ing for you. } Seek-ing for you, seek-ing for you,
 out look-ing, look-ing for you.

Seek - - ing, Seek-ing for you All thro' the
 Seek-ing for you, seek-ing for you,

long night, drear-y and storm-y, He's out seek-ing, seek-ing for you.

No. 9. CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL TO ME.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.
Moderato.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Christ, my Lord, is all in all to me— Oh! a bless-ed, faith-ful
 2. Earth - ly friends and comfort may de - part— Keen and sud-den may be
 3. Tho' my feet should step in death's chill tide, Close to Je - sus I should

Friend is He! My Re - deem - er He must ev - er be!
 sor - row's smart— Still my Sav - ior holds me heart to heart—
 still a - bide— And in tri - umph reach the oth - er side,

CHORUS.

He shall ev - er be my all in all. } Christ is all,.....all in
 He shall ev - er be my all in all. } Christ is all,
 With my Sav - ior who is all in all. }

all..... He is all in all to me.....
 all in all, me, all to me;

Bless - ed Re - fuge, Un - to Him I flee, Christ is all in all.

No. 10. THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD.

E. J. N.

EDWIN J. NEWTON.

1. The storm-clouds are dark-'ning a - round you, The waves of temp-
 2. You need the whole ar - mor of Je - sus To help you to
 3. The breast-plate of right-eous en - deav - or, The hel - met sal -
 4. Then go with the bless - ed old gos - pel Of peace and good-

ta - tion roll high; The tem - pest of sin is up - on you,
 stand the fierce storm; Have faith in the Sav - ior to shield you,
 va - tion we'll wear; We'll then go from vic - t'ry to vic - t'ry,
 will ev - er true; Go forth with this truth e'er be - fore you,

CHORUS.

The hour of de-struction is nigh.
 And Je - sus will keep you from harm.
 The bright crowning glo - ry to share. } Then put on the ar - mor of God,
 That Je - sus will car - ry you thro'.

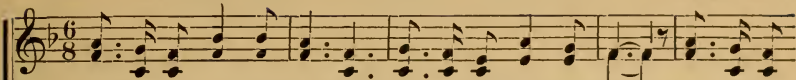
The sword of the Spir - it in hand; Go pray'r - ful - ly fol - low the

path He has trod, And Je - sus will help you to stand.

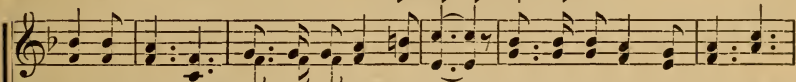
No. 11. O TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

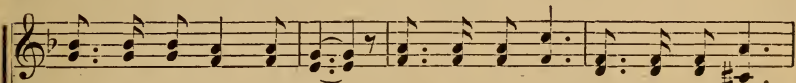
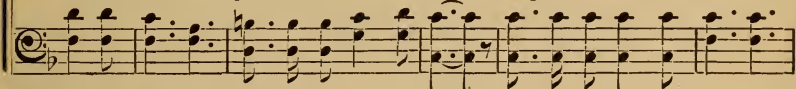
I. H. MEREDITH.



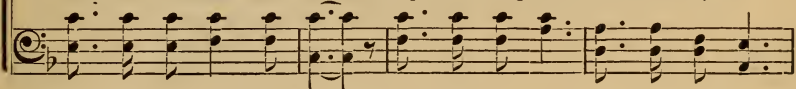
1. O to be more like Je - sus—Je - sus who died for me. This is my
2. O to be more like Je - sus—more of His like-ness bear; E'en tho' the
3. Yes, I would be like Je - sus—like Him in word and deed; Seek-ing some
4. Hear me, O bless-ed Sav - ior, an-swer my ear - nest plea, Help me to



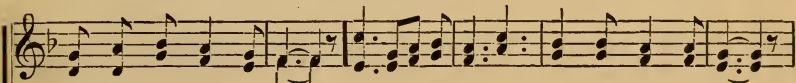
heart's great longing, this is my ear-nest plea. Sim-ply to be like Je - sus—
world for-sake Him I would His burden share. Af-ter the pain and sor - row,
oth-er's comfort, fill - ing an-oth-er's need. Comforting those in sor-row—
be more humble, patient, and kind, like Thee. Help me to win the lost ones,



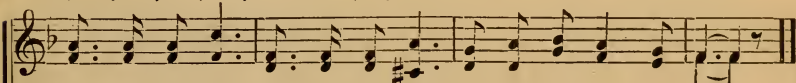
Pa-tient, and kind, and true; Fill'd with His love, sent from a - bove,
there shall be sweet re - lease. Then to a - bide close to His side,
heav - y in heart and sad. Then they would see Je - sus in me,
back to the nar - row way— Help me to prove, more of Thy love—



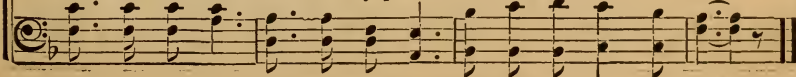
CHORUS.



Then I His works would do.
Ev - er to dwell in peace. } More, more like Jesus I would ev - er be;
And He would make them glad.
Dwelling in Thee each day.



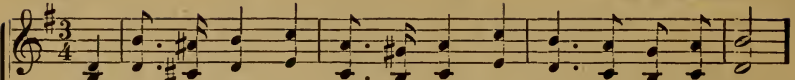
More of His love—con-stant-ly prove—More of His like - ness see.



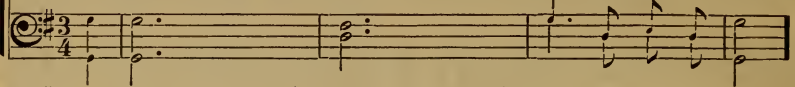
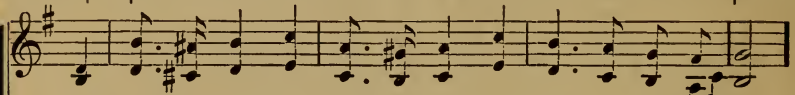
No. 12. O GALILEE, SWEET GALILEE!

M. J. S.

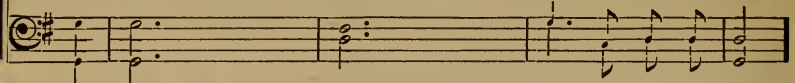
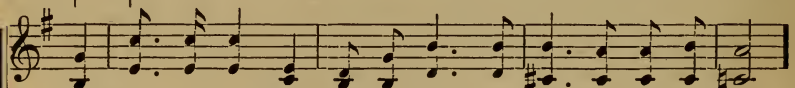
M. J. SMALLEY.



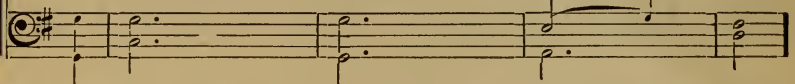
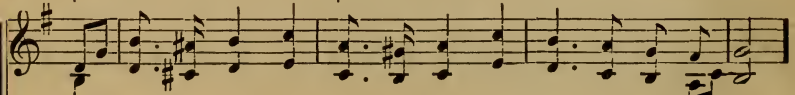
1. O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee! O land where prophets trod;
 2. O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee! Thy hills are sa - cred now;
 3. O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee! We claim thee as our own;

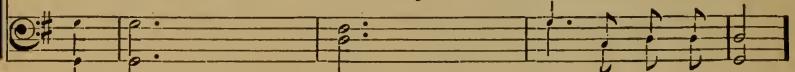
O land most sa - cred in our eyes, Where walk'd the Son of God;
 Whose rocks did lend, on wea - ried nights, A pil - low for His brow,—
 Where first He came, whose mis - sion was To bind all flesh in one;

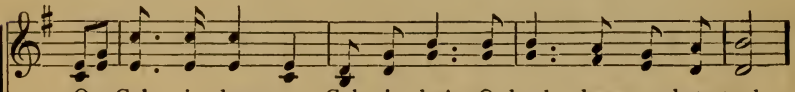
We praise the name that hallow'd Thee, Dear Je - sus, bless-ed name;
 Or from whose crests, where ce - dars bend, In si - lent twi - light hour,
 O na - tive land, O cov - nant land Of earth's most roy - al King!

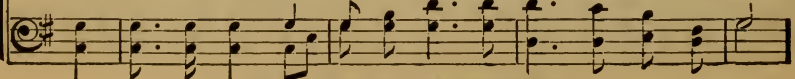
As long as tongue shall sound His praise, So long thy death-less fame.
 He stood en - wrapp'd in pray'r-ful mood, A - wait - ing God-seal'd pow'r.
 We give thee mead of bless - ed praise, While we His glo - ry sing.



CHORUS.



O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee! O land where prophets trod;



O GALILEE, SWEET GALILEE! Concluded.

Rit.

O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, where walked the Son of God.

No. 13. I'M GLAD JESUS LOVES ME.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. I'm glad that "God so loved the world" He sent His Son to die, Up - on the
 2. I'm glad that Jesus cared for me And all my sins for - gave, I'm glad He
 3. I'm glad that Jesus made me whole When hope had fled away, I'm glad that

CHORUS.

cross of Cal - va - ry To bring sal - va - tion nigh.
 came to make me free When no one else could save. } I'm glad Jesus loves me, so
 Je - sus saved my soul And keeps me day by day. }

glad that He loves me, I'm glad that He loves me so well; I'm glad He could

love me and die for my soul; With love that no mor - tal can tell.

"For Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower
from the enemy. Psalm 61: 3.

CLAIRE.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Toil-ing trav-'ler, worn and faint-ing Bend-ing 'neath thy load of care,
2. Weeping mourner, bowed with sor-row, Racked with pain, forspent with woe,
3. Cour-age, cour-age, oh, my broth-er! Sore-ly temp-ted, sin be-set!

Struggling bravely, tho' so wea - ry, Up life's rough hill steep and bare;
Do the black clouds thickly gath - er? Doth the wild wind fierc-ly blow?
Art thou parch'd with thirst? no ref - uge From the hot blast find-est yet?

Lo! the Lord hath set His shel - ter On the long hill's ston - y crest,
Lo! a pearl - y light is dawn - ing Yon - der in the west - ern skies,
Flee thou to God's blessed shel - ter Where the Liv - ing Fountain springs,

And be-neath His wings, in safe - ty Shalt thou find thy long-sought rest.
And with - in God's shel-ter fold - ed, Peace up - on thy spir - it lies.
Drink and live, and find re-fresh-ment 'Neath the shad-ow of His wings.

CHORUS.

In His sure, strong shel - ter hid - ing, In
In His sure, strong shel-ter, sure, strong shel-ter hid - ing, In His ten-

GOD'S SHELTER. Concluded.

His ten-der love con-fid-ing, 'Neath His out-stretch'd
der love, His ten-der love con-fid-ing, 'Neath His out-stretch'd wings, His

wings a-bid-ing { Shalt thou rest.
There is peace.
Ref-uge seek.

out-stretch'd wings a-bid-ing, { Shalt thou rest, shalt thou rest, shalt thou rest.
There is peace, there is peace, there is peace.
Ref-uge seek, ref-uge seek; ref-uge seek.

No. 15. A SURE RETREAT.

T. HASTINGS.

1. From ev'-ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'-ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,
3. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dismay'd;
4. There, there, on ea-gle wings we soar, And sin and sense seem all no more,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
Or how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.

1. The fear of the Lord doth lead to peace—'Twill banish all earth's sor-
 2. The fear of the Lord is wis-dom's way—Our re-fuge where we safe-
 3. The fear of the Lord doth heal all strife, And love will sweet-ly walk

row-ing pride, In the fear of the Lord all my mur-mur-ing shall cease.
 ly may hide, In the fear of the Lord let me ev - er, ev - er stay,
 by my side, Oh! the fear of the Lord sure-ly tendeth un - to life,

CHORUS.

And I shall be sat - is - fied. }
 And I shall be sat - is - fied. } The fear of the Lord tendeth un - to life,
 And there I am sat - is - fied. }

The fear of the Lord tendeth un - to life, And he that hath it,

Rit.
 And he that hath it, And he that hath it Shall a - bide sat - is - fied.

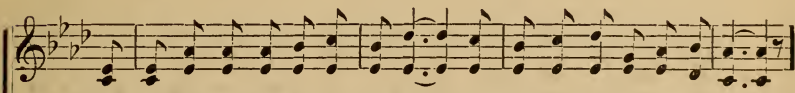
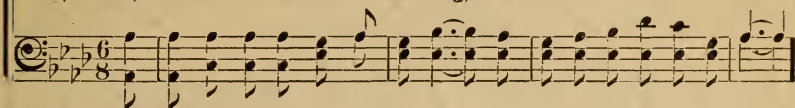
No. 17. SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

REBECCA M. RICE.

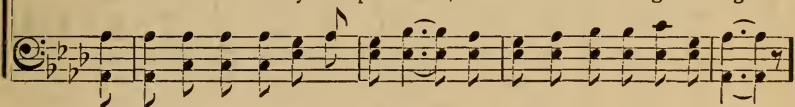
I. N. McHose.



1. We praise Thee, O God, for Thy pro-mise, Blest tok-en of in-fi-nite love,
2. A-round us o'er hill and o'er val-ley, And out on the hard trodden plain;
3. Yet still there are de-so-late plac-es, And barrenness covers the land,
4. O, send us the showers of blessing, Till desert and rock shall be clad

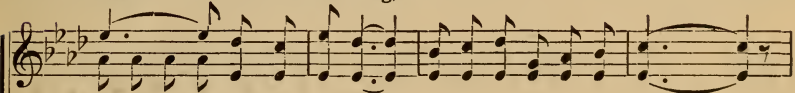


That there shall be showers of blessing, Sent down from the store-house a-bove.
 Rich verdure in beau-ty is springing, Sure fruits of this wonderful rain.
 O, send us the showers in sea-son, Sent down from Thy bountiful hand.
 In robes of such beauty re-splen-dent, All na-ture shall sing and be glad.

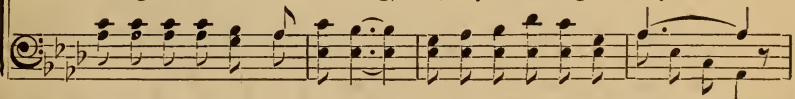


CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless-ing,



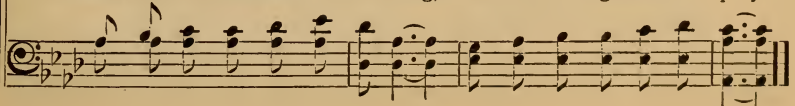
Showers, great showers of bless-ing, Yes, they are falling to - day,



yes, falling to-day,



Won-der-ful showers of bless-ing, Yet for still greater we pray.



L. E. JONES.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. I have a roy - al mes - sage, from Christ up - on the throne, From
 2. I have a roy - al mes - sage, good news to all man - kind; It
 3. I have a roy - al mes - sage, the seal of heaven it bears; It

Him who came from glo - ry - land to seek and save His own;
 gives the blest as - sur - ance that the ones who seek shall find.
 bids us lay up - on the Lord our bur - dens and our cares.

He does not send in an - ger, but from His home a - bove
 It tells the burdened sin - ners, to seek the Sav - ior's side,
 It says the cry of mourn - ing shall soon for - ev - er cease,

He sends to call the wan - dering ones and tell them of His love.
 To find the cleansing foun - tain there and plunge be - neath its tide.
 For Christ a homeland has pre - pared where all is joy and peace.

CHORUS.

Come to - day, . . . This roy - al mes - sage of Christ o - bey;
 Come to - day, Come to - day,

A ROYAL MESSAGE. Concluded.

come ... to - day,.... This mes - sage of Christ o - bey.
Come, O come, Come to-day,

No. 19. WASHED AWAY.

C. S. K.

C. S. KAUFFMAN.

Sing rather slowly.

1. Thro' long years I wan - dered on in dark - ness, Wan - dered in in - iq - ui -
2. He has made my heart His spir - it's tem - ple, Tem - ple of the bless - ed
3. Hap - py in my Sav - ior's love I'm rest - ing, For I know He's with me

ty and sin, Je - sus came and par - doned my trans - gressions,
Ho - ly Ghost; Dear - er far to me than a - ny oth - er,
all the time. I am glad His spir - it I'm po - sess - ing,

D. S.—Hap - py in my Sav - ior's love I'm rest - ing,

REFRAIN.

Cleansed my heart and made it pure with-in.
Of all friends I know I love Him most. } Je - sus washed a-way my
Glad that I am His and He is mine. }

Je - sus blood has washed a - way my sins.

sin, And His spir - it dwells with-in.
ev - 'ry sin, dwells with-in,

No. 20. THE SPIRIT AND BRIDE SAY COME.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. A glo - rious in - vi - ta - tion Now calls you to the feast:
 2. That bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion! Oh, hear to - day and heed,
 3. Re - peat the in - vi - ta - tion! Pass on the bless - ed news;

Each soul is now in - vit - ed, The great - est and the least.
 The Spir - it now is call - ing, Why long - er dwell in need?
 Let none for - sake His mer - cy, Or par - don now re - fuse.

Come, all ye heav - y bur - dened, With sor - row or with care—
 Thy soul to - day is faint - ing For Christ the liv - ing bread;
 'Tis Je - sus that is call - ing—All things are read - y, come—

To - day you are in - vit - ed, Your bur - dens Christ will bear.
 Ac - cept the in - vi - ta - tion, Come while the feast is spread.
 The Spir - it will di - rect you, The Bride will wel - come home.

CHORUS.

The Spir - it says come, The Bride says come; Let
 The Spir - it says come, says come, The Bride says come, says come;

THE SPIRIT AND BRIDE SAY COME. Concluded.

Him that heareth say come; Let Him that thirsteth come, And who-so-ev - er

will let Him take of the wa-ter of life free - - ly.
take of the wa-ter of life

No. 21. WHEN E'ER THE CROSS I SEE.

Rev. C. H. PRIDGEON.

C. C. ACKLEY.

1. When e'er Thy cross I see Lift - ed on high In dreams of hum-ble
2. When e'er Thy cross I see And I'm oppressed By sin and con-flict
3. Hushed are my passions base. Soothed are my cares, Heartaches for-ev - er

faith, Mount I the sky And see Thy beaming face—My Sav-ior God.
sore, Vexed and distressed. Then, thou dost comfort me, My Sav-ior God.
gone, My sighing pray'rs When e'er Thy cross I see, My Sav-ior God.

1. God is a - ble to sup - ply Grace like towering mountains high.
 2. Al-ways all suf - fi - cient grace I am find - ing in this race;
 3. He is with me, al-ways near, Tho' my foes may strong ap - pear;
 4. He doth min - is - ter the seed, He sup - plies my ev - 'ry need,

Deep - er than un - fath - omed sea Is His wondrous grace so free.
 In the strength of Je - sus strong I can win with shout and song.
 He will make me, this I know, O - ver - com - er here be - low.
 He will bring the sure in - crease Of His love, and joy, and peace.

CHORUS,

God is a - ble..... grace is free..... Sun and shield..... He
 God is a - ble, grace is free, sun and shield

is to me,..... I will sing it..... o'er and o'er,....
 He is to me, I will sing it o'er and o'er

God is a - ble, God is a - ble ev - er - more.
 more, ev - er - more.

No. 23.

NAILED TO THE CROSS.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET. *Ad lib.*

1. There was One who was will - ing to die in my stead That a
 2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While He
 3. I will cling to my Sav - ior and nev - er de - part— I will

soul, so un - worth - y might live, And the path to the cross He was
 cleans - es my heart of its dross, But "there's no con - dem - na - tion"—I
 joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

REFRAIN.

wil - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for - give. } They are nail'd to the cross,
 know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the cross. } song in my heart, That my sins have been taken away. }

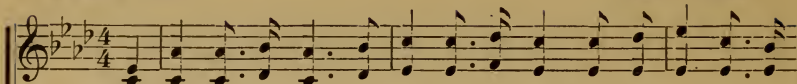
pp
 they are nail'd to the cross, O how much He was will - ing to bear! With what

Rit.
 anguish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! And He carried my sins with Him there.


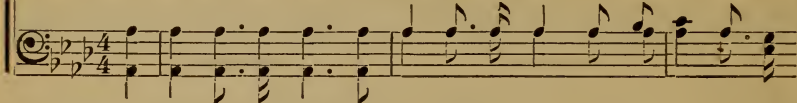
No. 24. CUT LOOSE FROM THE SHORE.

Mrs. M. A. HOLT.

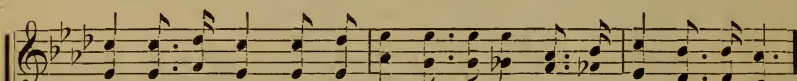
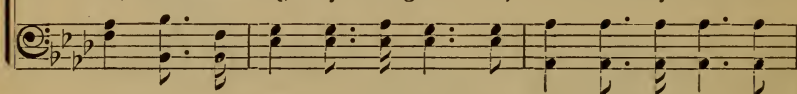
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



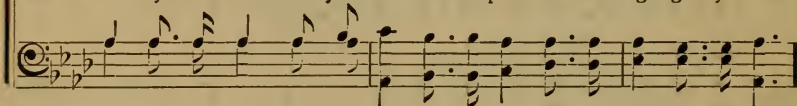
1. Cut loose from the shore, sail out on the sea, Where the life-boat is
2. Cut loose from the shore, no long-er re-main An-chored fast to the
3. Cut loose from the shore, speed out to the sea, That the care of the
4. Cut loose from the shore, and fear-less-ly sail O'er the bil-low-y



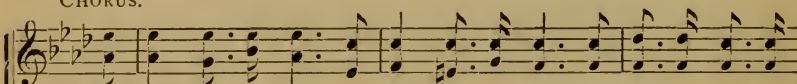
drift-ing so light and so free; With sails all un-furled you'll
land by the world's rust-y chain; Strike out for the roll-ing
Fa-ther your re-fuge may be; He will stay the storm with
sea, borne a-long by the gale. O, let ev-'ry sail be



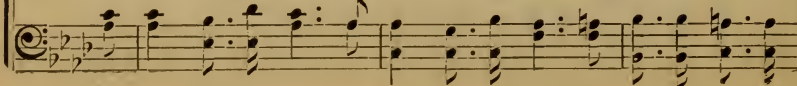
jour-ney a-long With your life full of joy and your soul filled with song.
depths of the sea Where there's plenty of room—room for you and for me.
con-quer-ing hand, And will pi-lot your boat safe-ly o'er to the land.
ful-ly un-furled Till you en-ter the port of the bright glo-ry world.



CHORUS.



Cut loose from the shore, sail out on the deep, From shallow, rock and



CUT LOOSE FROM THE SHORE. Concluded.

Rit.

shoal to saf-er depths within the sea; There you may safely ride From
depths with - in the sea;

storm-y wind and tide. O sail - or, hoist the sail to the heav'n-ly breeze!

No. 25. NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

C. C ACKLEY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

Shad-ows of the ev-'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy tend -'rest blessing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch - ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.

I. N. McH.

I. N. McHosk.

1. Come, come to the Sav-ior, To Je - sus, the Sav-ior, Come seeking His
 2. Why, soul, will you tar - ry? Why still will you tar - ry? Your sins He did
 3. List, list to the Spir - it; Give heed to the Spir - it, Trust Christ and His

fa - vor, wan - der - er, go - ing a - stray, Come, wea - ry with
 car - ry, Till they were nailed to the tree. Come, wea - ry with
 mer - it, Trust Him and ear - nest - ly pray; See thorn - crown'd and

sor - row, With all of your sor - row, Wait not for the mor - row,
 sin - ning, So sad with thy sin - ning, A new life be - gin - ning
 bleed - ing, There faint - ing and bleed - ing, He's now in - ter - ced - ing:

CHORUS.

Je - sus will save you to - day.
 Saved and e - ter - nal - ly free. } Come, Come, Come,
 Why not ac - cept Him to - day. } Come just now, Come, O come, Come just now,

Come,
 Come, O come, Wait not for the mor - row, Je - sus will save you to - day.

No. 27.

IF HE ABIDE WITH ME.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET.

1. My days with sunshine shall be fraught, My sor - row, joy shall be,
 2. No e - vil ev - er shall be - fall, No bur - dens heav - y be,
 3. If shad - ows make my pathway dim, I shall not need to see;
 4. My storms are calm at His be - hest, Who spoke to Gal - i - lee,
 5. No pow'rs of life or death can harm, All griefs and dan - gers flee,

And thorn-y ways shall seem as naught, If Christ a-bide with me.
 For Christ will glad-ly take them all If He a-bide with me.
 But sweet-ly trust my way with Him Who will a-bide with me.
 And fears shall nev - er rob my rest, If Christ a-bide with me.
 If I but trust in Christ's strong arm, When He a-bide with me.

CHORUS.

I shall be safe - - ly kept from sin,..... My life be
 I shall be safe - ly, safe-ly kept from sin,

glad..... and free;..... For I shall have sweet peace with-
 Each moment glad and free, yes, glad and free; For I shall have sweet

Rit.

in,..... If Christ a - bide with me.....
 peace, sweet peace within, If Christ abide with me, abide with me.

No. 28.

JESUS IS PRECIOUS.

"Unto you therefore which believes he is precious." I. H. MEREDITH.
GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Peace like a riv - er is flood - ing my soul, Since Christ, my Sav - ior,
2. Joy is a - bounding—My heart gaily sings, Cleave I the heavens—
3. Oh pre - cious Je - sus, how love - ly Thou art! Come and a - bid - ing

mak - eth me whole; Sweet peace a - bid - ing My por - tion shall be—
mount up on wings; Christ hath ex - alt - ed—My soul He set free—
rule in my heart; Break ev - 'ry fet - ter—Thy face let me see,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, my Sav - ior, is pre - cious to me. } Pre - cious to
Je - sus, my Sav - ior, is pre - cious to me. } Pre - cious to me, He is
Then Thou shalt ev - er be pre - cious to me.

me, Pre - cious is He;
pre - cious to me, Je - sus, the Sav - ior, how pre - cious is He;

to me.

Je - sus shall ev - er be pre - cious so pre - cious to me.
Je - sus, my Sav - ior, ev - er shall be so pre - cious to me, to me.

No. 29. TAKE THE FIELD FOR GOD.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

EDWIN J. NEWTON.

Martial.

1. Go forth! go forth! 'tis Je - sus who is call - ing you—
 2. Oh! fear not man, for Je - sus is the Might - y One;
 3. March on! march on! 'tis Christ him-self who lead - eth you;

Go ye forth with cour-age and with song, Ar - rayed with all the
 Trust in Him and you are safe from harm; Be - lieve! oh! nev - er
 Dare to go where oth - ers nev - er trod! Un - daunt - ed, fear - less,

ar - mor He pro - vid - eth you, Go and bat - tle 'gainst the wrong!
 doubt His bless - ed prom - is - es, Trust in God's al - might - y arm.
 on - ward go to vic - to - ry! Go and take the field for God!

CHORUS.

Go ye forth! the Savior's call o - bey - ing, Meet thy foes a - broad! Go
 call o - bey - ing,

forth, and know that your's shall be the victory, Go and take the field for God!

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. The dear lov-ing Sav-ior hath found me, And shattered the fet-ters that
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi-nai-ly win-ning me
 3. I nev-er, no, nev-er will leave Him, Grow wea-ry of serv-ice and

bound me, Tho' all was con-fu-sion a-round me, He came and spake
 to Him, I yield-ed my all to pur-sue Him, And asked to be
 grieve Him, I'll con-stant-ly trust and be-lieve Him, Re-main in His

peace to my soul; The bless-ed Re-deem-er that bought me, In
 filled with His grace; Although a vile sin-ner be-fore Him, Thro'
 pres-ence di-vine; A-bid-ing in love ev-er flow-ing, In

ten-der-ness con-stant-ly sought me, The way of sal-va-tion He
 faith I was led to im-plore Him, And now I re-joice and a-
 knowledge and grace ev-er grow-ing, Con-fid-ing im-plic-it-ly,

CHORUS.

taught me, And made my heart per-fect-ly whole. }
 dore Him, Re-stored to His lov-ing em-brace. } He saves me, He
 know-ing That Je-sus the Sav-ior is mine. }

HE SAVES ME. Concluded.

saves me, His love fills my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! Oh, glo - ry, He saves me,
 His spir - it a - bid - eth with-in; His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

1 2 *Rit.*

No. 31. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4.

FELICE GIARDINI.

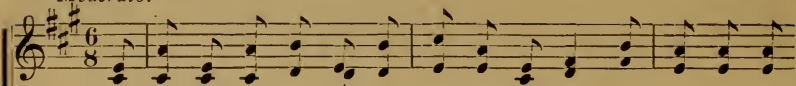
1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,

Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour; Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in

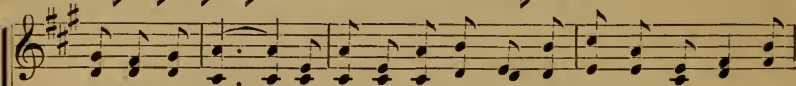
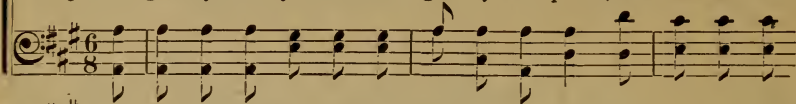
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
 word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!

EDWARD J. NEWTON.
Moderato.

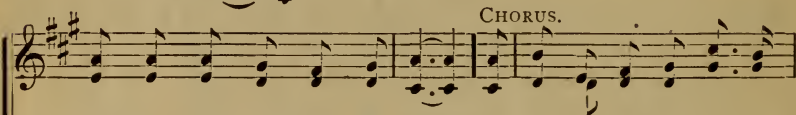
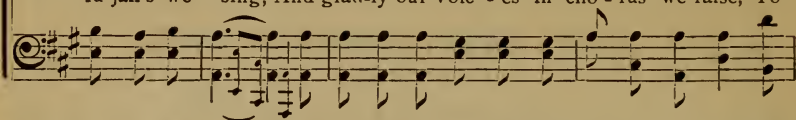
ALLIE M. NEWTON.



1. All glo - ry to Je - sus, the Lamb that was slain, To Je - sus, our
2. He suf - fered and died That thro' Him we might live, Each day guid - ed
3. All glo - ry to Je - sus, all glo - ry and praise, With loud hal - le -

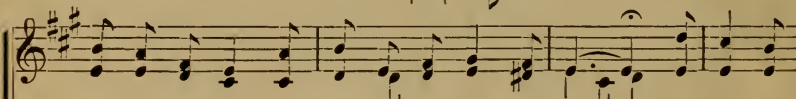
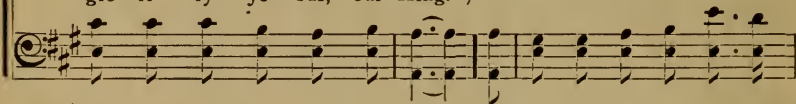


Sav - ior and King; On Him all the bur - den of man - kind is lain, All
on by His word; We'll follow the Mas - ter and dai - ly will give The
lu - jah's we sing; And glad - ly our voic - es in cho - rus we raise, To

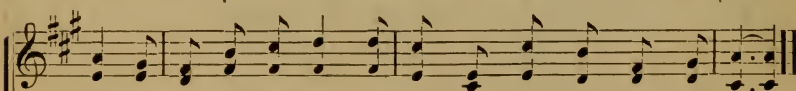
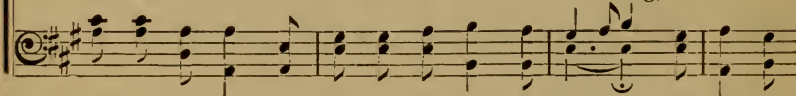


CHORUS.

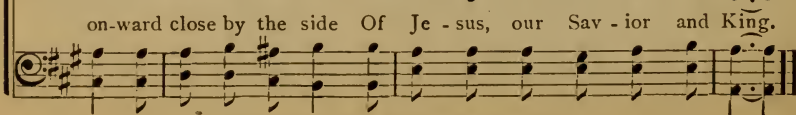
glo - ry to Je - sus we sing.	} All glo - ry, all glo - ry to
glo - ry to Je - sus, the Lord.	
glo - ri - fy Je - sus, our King.	



Him who has died, Sweet an - thems of praise we bring; We'll fol - low
we bring;



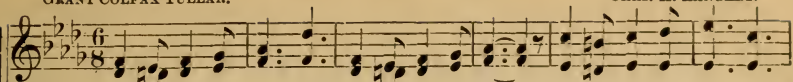
on - ward close by the side Of Je - sus, our Sav - ior and King.



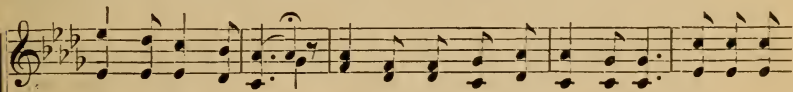
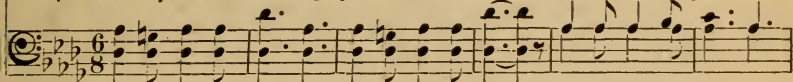
No. 33. WHEN I COUNT MY BLESSINGS.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

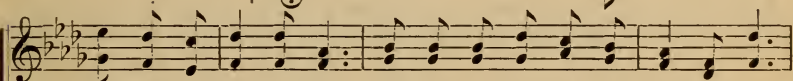
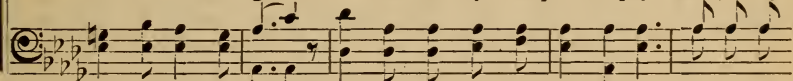
CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



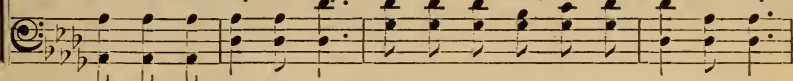
1. When I count my blessings, See what God has done, Then I think of Je-sus,
2. When I count my blessings, Name them o'er and o'er, Jesus grows the dearer,
3. When I count my blessings, Skies that once were dark Shine with holy splendor
4. Ma - ny are the blessings Je-sus doth be-stow All a-long my pathway



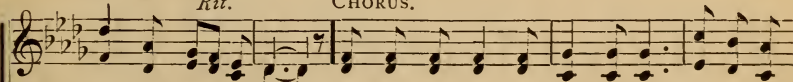
His be-lov-ed Son. Think of Him as He bled and died, How for my
And I love Him more. When I think of His ten-der care, Coming to
'Round my helpless bark. Je - sus whispers "Lo, I am here," So in the
As I on-ward go. I can on-ly in part re-pay—Meager my



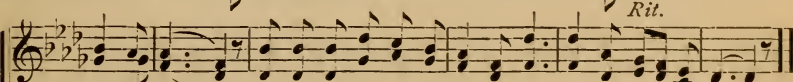
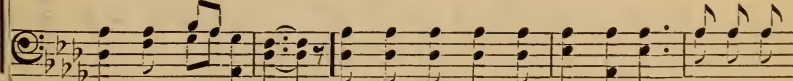
sins He was cru - ci - fied, Then is my soul ful - ly sat - is - fied,
help me each cross to bear, Think of the glo - ry I soon shall share,
dark-ness I need not fear, Counting my blessings I know He's near,
serv - ice from day to day— Still I can trust, and His word o - bey—



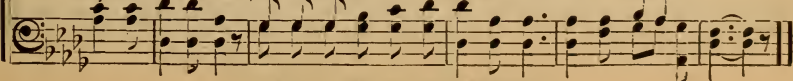
Rit. CHORUS.



Then I love Him more.
Then I love Him more.
Then I love Him more. } Help me to count my blessings, Lord, Naming them
I can love Him more.



o'er and o'er, Help me to see all Thy love to me, Then I'll love Thee more.
yes, o'er and o'er,



C. S. K.

C. S. KAUFFMAN.

1. Do you want to have your sins wash'd a - way in Je - sus' blood,
 2. Let your ban - ner be un - furl'd, brave - ly bat - tle with the world,
 3. He'll go with you ev - 'ry day, lead you in the nar - row way,
 4. Come to Je - sus then in pray'r, cast on Him your ev - 'ry care,

Just to have Him cleanse and make you ful - ly whole; Have His
 Tho' the foe oft - times ap - pear to win the fight. Come to
 He'll be near you when temp - ta - tions round you roll. If real
 Lay a - side each weight that keeps you from the goal; He will

bless - ed spir - it's pow'r dwell - ing in your heart each hour; Do you
 Christ, in Him be - lieve, and His help He'll sure - ly give, With His
 blessing you would know, help an - oth - er as you go, Then He'll
 ful - ly par - don you, prove Him - self a friend most true, And He'll

D. S.—mer - cy took us in, cleans'd us from all guilt and sin, And He

FINE. CHORUS.

want to feel His glo - ry in the soul?
 might - y arm He'll bat - tle for the right. } Oh, Je - sus is a sun and
 give you grace and glo - ry in your soul.
 give you grace and glo - ry in your soul.

gives us grace and glo - ry in the soul.

D. S.

shield by day and night, And no good thing from us will He withhold; He in

SAMUEL WILBEFORCE.

I. H. MEREDITH.

With expression

1. Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray,
 2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Un-think - ing say,
 3. And if to - day my earth - ly life Should ebb a - way,

Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, Just for to - day.
 Set Thou a seal up - on my lips, Just for to - day.
 Give me Thy sac - ra - ments di - vine, Dear Lord, to - day.

Let me be slow to do my will, Prompt to o - bey,
 Let me in sea - son, Lord, be grave, In sea - son gay,
 So for to - mor - row and its needs, I do not pray,

Help me to mor - ti - fy my flesh, Just for to - day.
 Let me be faith - ful to Thy grace, Just for to - day.
 But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Just for to - day.

No. 36. I'M A CHILD OF DYING LOVE.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

REV. F. BURGETTE SHORT.

1. There is mer - cy from a - bove—And the child of dy - ing love Now may
 2. Tho' un - worth - y as I am, Christ, the all - a - ton - ing Lamb, Bore my
 3. Let me ev - er - more proclaim Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name Who has

plunge and wash in Cal - v'ry's stream. In that bless - ed crim - son tide
 sins for - ev - er - more a - way. In my wea - ri - ness and grief,
 made so great a light to shine—"Son of right - eous - ness"—He brings

Flowing from the wounded side Of the Lord who died my soul to re - deem.
 He has bro't me sweet re - lief—I'm a child of love and mer - cy to - day,
 Blessed "heal - ing in His wings", And He blesses me with heal - ing di - vine.

CHORUS.

I'm a child..... of dy - ing love,..... I'm a
 I'm a child of dy - ing love,

child..... of dy - ing love..... Je - sus
 I'm a child of dy - ing love,

I AM A CHILD OF DYING LOVE. Concluded.

died that He might save me, I'm a child of His re-deem-ing love.
Je-sus died

No. 37. JESUS, THE SAVIOR, IS MINE.

EDWIN J. NEWTON.

ALLIE M. NEWTON.

1. My heart from trouble and care is free, For Je - sus, the Sav-ior, is mine;
2. I ne'er shall fal-ter or go a-stray, For Je - sus, the Sav-ior, is mine;
3. The night of darkness and sin is past, For Je - sus, the Sav-ior, is mine;

And now in Christ I have lib - er - ty, For Je - sus, the Sav-ior, is mine.
I'm safe-ly guid-ed from day to day, For Je - sus, the Sav-ior, is mine.
I'll serve the Master while life shall last, For Je - sus, the Sav-ior, is mine.

CHORUS. DUET.

Rit.

From chains of bondage my soul is free, For Christ in mer-cy has looked on me;

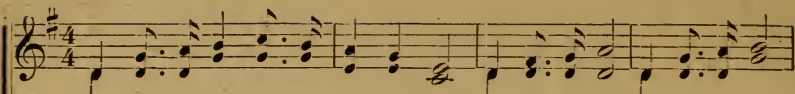
FULL CHORUS.

And I His glo - ri - ous face shall see, For Je - sus, the Sav-ior, is mine.

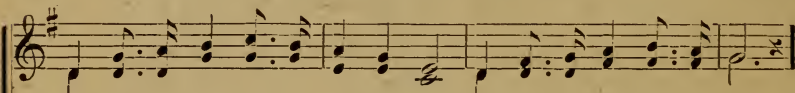
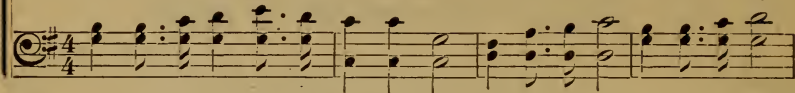
No. 38. JESUS IS CALLING TO-DAY.

C. S. K.

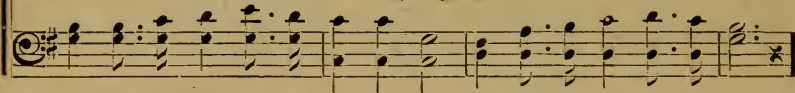
C. S. KAUFFMAN.



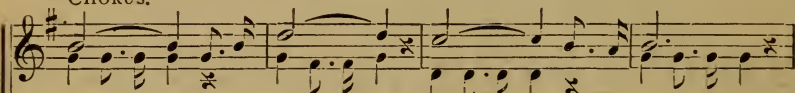
1. Je - sus is call-ing, dear child, come home, Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je - sus is call-ing from Cal - va - ry, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je - sus is call-ing in gen - tle tone, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
4. Je - sus is call-ing from heav'n a - bove, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
5. Je - sus is call-ing, He still doth wait, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;



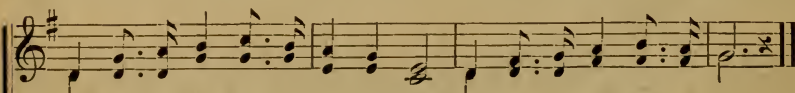
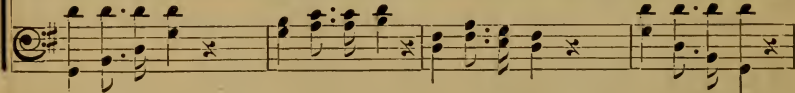
Why will you wan-der, why will you roam, Je - sus is call-ing to - day.
 Pleads by His blood shed up - on the tree, Je - sus is call-ing to - day.
 Plead-ing He stands at the Fa - ther's throne, Je - sus is call-ing to - day.
 Call-ing in mer - cy and wondrous love, Je - sus is call-ing to - day.
 Give Him your heart e'er it is too late, Come, while He's calling to - day.



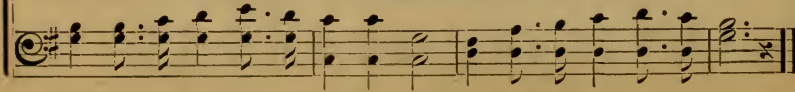
CHORUS.



Call - ing to - day, Call - ing - to - day,
 Calling to-day, calling to day, Calling to-day, Calling to-day,
 5 v. Come, come to - day, come while you may,
 Come, come to-day, come, come to-day, come while you may, come while you may,

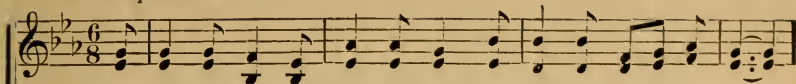


Je - sus is call - ing to you, come home, Je - sus is call - ing to - day.
 Je - sus is call - ing to you, come home, Come, while He's calling to-day.

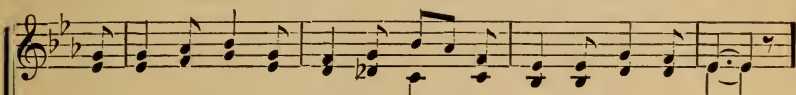
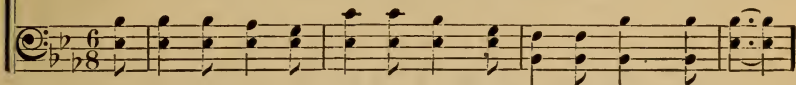


ROBT. L. FLETCHER.
With expression.

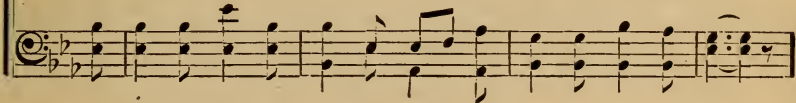
I. H. MEREDITH.



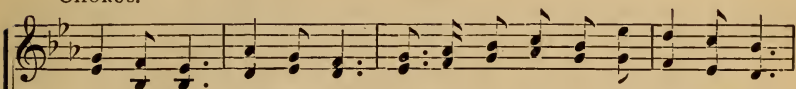
1. O great Phy - si - cian, come this way, For I am poor and blind;
2. Thy mer - cy is my on - ly plea, For what, O Lord, am I
3. A sin - ner, guil - ty, lost, un - done, Help me on Thee be - lieve;
4. For Thou a - lone canst speak the word That makes the blind to see;



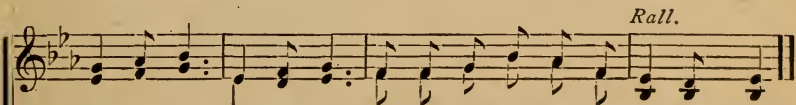
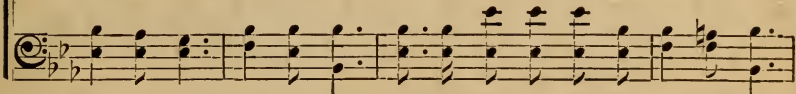
Speak Thou the word of pow'r to - day, That I my sight may find.
That Thou shouldst stop to look on me, While Thou art pass - ing by.
Now to Thy arms in faith I run That I may sight re - ceive.
O Son of Da - vid, Sav - ior, Lord, Have mer - cy now on me.



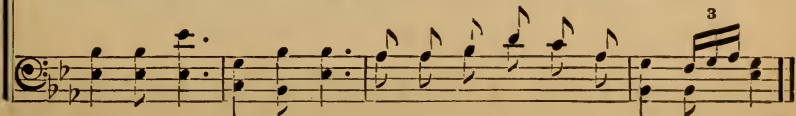
CHORUS.



Come this way, come this way, Je - sus of Na - za - reth, come this way;



Come this way, come this way, Je - sus of Na - za - reth, come this way.



No. 40. THE SUNSHINE OF A SMILE.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. O there is bless-ed sun-shine To light the dark-est way—
 2. O wear a smile of bless-ing The lone-ly heart to cheer,
 3. O smile when hearts are wea-ry, And life is hard to bear,
 4. Then smile when all is glad-ness, And smile when all is wrong;

Rit. ad lib.

A ra-diant light from heav-en To drive the gloom a-way.
 'Twill speak of God who loves you, And bring His pres-ence near.
 A smile brings brightest glo-ry; Go smil-ing ev-'ry-where.
 O smile on care and sad-ness, And sing a hap-py song.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful sun-shine, Sor-row-ing hearts to be-
 Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful

guile; Beau-ti-ful sun-shine, Sun-shine of a smile;
 Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful

guile; Beau-ti-ful sun-shine, Sun-shine of a smile.
 Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful

No. 41. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. There's a bless - ed spot where I love to be, Sit-ting at the
 2. Tho' the tem-pest's rage it is peace - ful here, Sit-ting at the
 3. I have liv - ing bread from the Lord's own hand, Sit-ting at the
 4. So I'll stay right here un - til life is o'er, Sit-ting at the

feet of Je - sus, Pre - cious words of life there He speaks to me,
 feet of Je - sus, For His bless - ed smile drives a - way all fear,
 feet of Je - sus, And I get a sight of the gold - en land,
 feet of Je - sus, And my heav'n will be on the oth - er shore,

CHORUS.

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus. }
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus. } What a safe re-treat, What a
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus. }
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus. }

joy com - plete, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus; O I

love to be where He talks with me, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.

JENNIE WILSON.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Safe in the beau-ti - ful man-sions Je - sus pre-pares for His own,
 2. Safe in the beau-ti - ful man-sions, Sing - ing e - ter - ni - ty's songs,
 3. Safe in the beau-ti - ful man-sions, Cross-es and bur-dens laid down,

Dwell now the glad an - gel - spir-its, Who from the earth-ly have flown.
 Theirs is a ho - li - er rap-ture Than to this time-world be - longs.
 They have re-ceived from their Sav-ior Life's shin-ing star, jewelled crown.

Free from all e - vil and sor-row, Sweet-ly for - ev - er they rest,
 O - ver for them are all tri - als, O - ver all tear - ful fare - wells,
 Robed in pure gar-ments of whiteness, Chant-ing sal - va-tion's sweet strain,

Nev - er a - gain to grow wea - ry, Safe in the home of the blest.
 There where the shout of the vic - tor Joys of the ran-somed soul tell.
 Bear-ing palm-branches of tri-umph, We shall be-hold them a - gain.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful man-sions O - ver death's flow-ing tide,
 Beau - ti - ful, Beau-ti - ful

BEAUTIFUL MANSIONS. Concluded.

Loved ones who pass from our pres-ence Ev - er with Je - sus a - bide.

No. 43. I WILL FOLLOW THEE, MY SAVIOR

EDWARD J. NEWTON.

ALLIE M. NEWTON.

1. I will fol - low Thee, my Sav - ior, Whom have I to trust but Thee?
2. I will fol - low Thee, my Sav - ior, Thou hast died that I might live;
3. I will fol - low Thee, my Sav - ior, Where Thy bleeding footsteps lead;

Thou, my Rock and my Sal - va - tion, I will rest my soul on Thee.
Take my heart, my life, my tal - ents, Free - ly now my all I give.
Thou wilt be my dai - ly com - fort, Thou, my help in time of need.

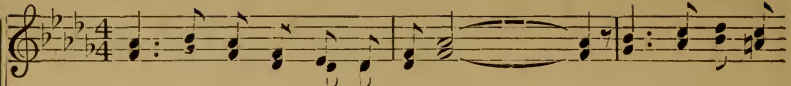
CHORUS.

I will fol - low Thee, my Sav - ior, Till Thy glo - ry I shall see;

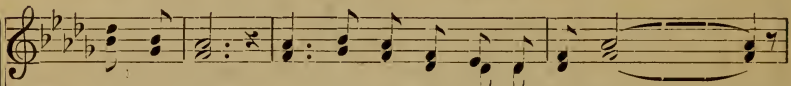
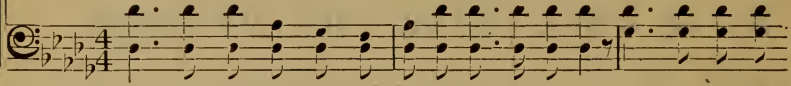
Then be - fore Thy throne to praise Thee, Ev - er there to dwell with Thee.

J. H. STEVENSON.

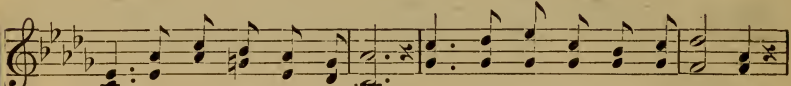
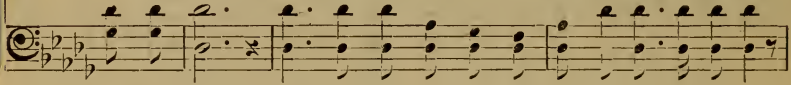
I. H. MEREDITH.



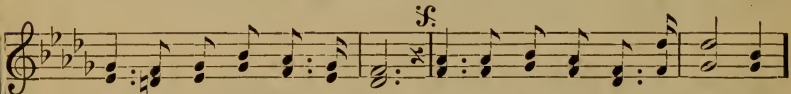
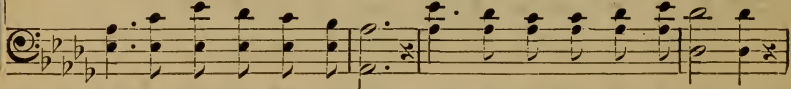
1. Have you got the pass-word brother,..... Can you en-ter
2. On - ly broth-ers' true and test-ed..... En - ter in with-
3. At the door the guardian's standing,.... Wait-ing for the



at the gate? If you have not get it quick-ly,.....
 out de - lay; Those who do not have the pass-word.....
 mes-age true; If you can-not give the pass-word.....



By - and - by may be too late. Time is fleet-ing, life's un-cer-tain,
 From the gate are turned a-way. Im-plor - a-tions will not aid thee—
 No ad-mis-sion is for you. Haste, my broth-er, get the password,



And your moments may be few; If you can-not give the password
 And thy tears will use-less be; If thy cross thou wilt not car - ry
 Closed the wick-et soon may be; If you lin-ger you may find it



D. S.—Hast-en-quick-ly find the Mas - ter,

GET THE PASSWORD.—Concluded.

FINE. CHORUS.

You can nev - er en - ter thro'. } Get the pass-word,
 There shall be no crown for thee. }
 Closed for all E - ter - ni - ty. } Get the pass-word,

He will tell you what to say.

Get the pass-word..... Time is fleeting, don't delay.....
 Get the pass-word, de - lay, don't de - lay.

D. S.

No. 45. COME, AND SIN NO MORE.

G. C. T.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Ye, who in the world have wandered, Turning from thy Father's door,
2. Come to Je-sus with your sor-row; He your com-fort will re - store;
3. Hark! the Spir-it now is knocking; You have heard it oft be - fore:

See, thy Fa-ther waits to greet thee; Re - turn and sin no more.
 Cast your ev-ry care up - on Him; Yes, come and sin no more.
 Just a - rise and say to Je - sus, "I'll come and sin no more.

D. S.—He is wait-ing now to par - don, Then come and sin no more.

CHORUS. D. S.

Je-sus died for you a ran-som; On the cross your sins He bore;

IDA L. REED.

A. L. SCHULTZ.

1. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus, This my dai - ly song shall be,
 2. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus, I for self would nothing hold,
 3. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus, All my days and years shall be,
 4. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus, Heart and soul to Him I bring;

Time and tal - ents all are giv - en Un - to Him who died for me.
 For His love's a pre - cious treas - ure, Dear - er far then earth - ly gold.
 Con - se - cra - ted to His serv - ice, He who bore so much for me.
 Ev - er will I glad - ly la - bor For the glo - ry of my King.

CHORUS.

All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus, Tho' the gifts be e'er so small,
 All, all, All, all,

All I have I bring with glad - ness Un - to Him, my all in all.
 All, all, All, all,

No. 47. WHY DO YOU CARRY THEM?

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Why do you car - ry such bur - dens of care? Why not lay them down?
 2. Bur - dens of sin give you noth - ing but loss, Why not lay them down?
 3. Why do you car - ry your bur - dens of woe? Why not lay them down?
 4. Will you let bur - dens still wea - ry you more; Why not lay them down?

Je - sus has promised your bur - dens to bear—Why not lay them down?
 Je - sus has nailed ev - 'ry one to the cross—Why not lay them down?
 Je - sus will take them and peace you may know—Why not lay them down?
 All of your sins and your sor - rows He bore—Why not lay them down?

CHORUS.

Why do you car - ry them? Why do you car - ry them?

Je - sus is strong - er than thou, Let Him now car - ry them,

Let Him now car - ry them, He will save you now.

No. 48. ALWAYS MORE OF SUNSHINE.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato. (Don't hurry.)

1. There is twi-light in the val-ley, There is light a-long the plain,
 2. Is thy life be-set with tri-al Where the shadows dark-ly fall?
 3. Let us moun-ta-bove the shad-ow Let us dwell a-bove the storm,

But there's glo-ry on the hill-tops, Blessed "shining aft-er rain."
 Has thy bur-den'd heart remem-ber'd There is love be-hind it all?
 Where no blast shall ev-er chill us Where the sun is shining warm.

There is more of light than darkness, Let us greet it with a smile,
 Ye may go up-on the mountain Where "the shadows flee away,"
 Where the Lord of light is shining With a ra-di-ance sublime,

CHORUS. Faster.

There's a world of joy-ous shining All the while.
 Ye may dwell in heavenly sun-shine Ev-ry day. } There's always
 Where there's light and love and sunshine All the time. }

more of sunshine, Always more of day, Then tar-ry in the brightness,

ALWAYS MORE OF SUNSHINE. Concluded.

Be hap-py all the way. There's glo-ry on the mount-ain! O
 scale the heights a-bove! The sun is al-ways shining, And God is love.

No. 49. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

G. DUFFIELD.

G. J. WEBBE.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;

Lift high the roy-al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss;

D. S.—Till ev-'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.

From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry, His ar-my shall He lead,

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in His strength alone,
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next, the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally!

C. S. K.

C. S. KAUFFMAN.

1. Since Je - sus gave me par - don And cleans'd my heart from sin, And
 2. He long has been my Sav - ior, My Com - fort - er and Guide, And
 3. My life He fills with sun - shine, My heart He fills with song, My

drove out all the e - vil That Sa - tan put there - in I've
 I have oft - en seen Him, By faith, close by my side; But
 soul is full of glo - ry, I'm hap - py all day long; He

giv - en all my pow - ers, My - self, my time and all, I'm
 now I'm His, O Glo - ry, I'll fol - low where He leads, I'll
 fills me with His Spir - it, He keeps me from all sin, My

glad to do His bid - ding, I'm read - y for His call.
 do His ev - 'ry bid - ding, And He'll sup - ply my needs.
 life's one glo - rious vic - t'ry, Since Je - sus dwells with - in.

CHORUS.

O I be - long to Je - sus, He has cleansed my guilty soul, His blood a -

I BELONG TO JESUS. Concluded.

lone has pow - er To make me ful - ly whole; And this shall be my sto - ry, The
 song that I shall sing; I'm His, O glory, glory, And He's my Savior, King.

No. 51.

ARE YOU WEARY?

IDA L. REED.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Are you wea - ry, heav - y heart - ed, Un - to Christ your bur - dens bear,
 2. Are you tired of life's long bat - tle? Are the foes a - gainst you strong?
 3. Are you wea - ry, cour - age fail - ing? Je - sus will your strength re - new;

FINE.

And the clouds will soon be part - ed If on Him you cast your care.
 Look to Je - sus, He will help you, You shall sing the vic - tor's song.
 Friend of friends thro' all life's jour - ney He will ev - er be to you.

D. S.—Ten - der is His love un - fail - ing, And His mer - cy great un - told.

CHORUS.

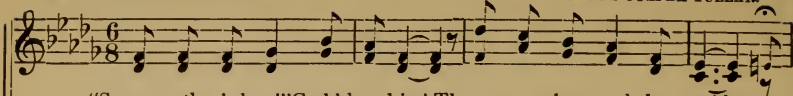
D. S.

Are you wea - ry, He will aid you, Will your fee - ble strength up - hold;

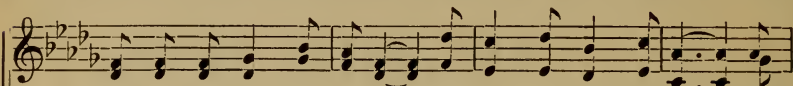
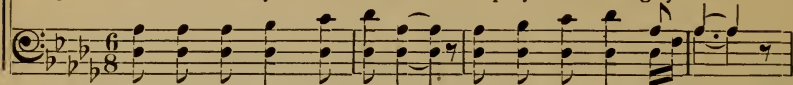
No. 52. SOME MOTHER'S BOY.

MARIAN WENDELL HUBBARD.

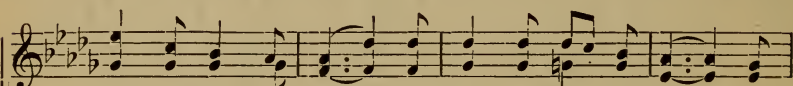
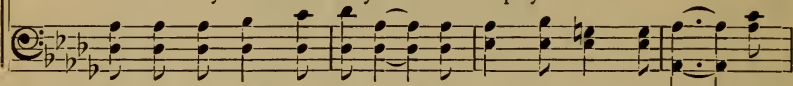
GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



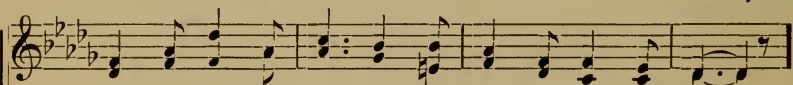
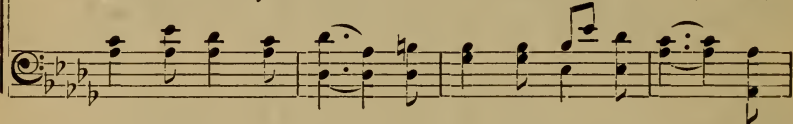
1. "Some mother's boy!" God bless him! These were the words he said,
2. "Some mother's boy!" some moth-er Has kissed your ba-by cheek;
3. "Some mother's boy!" re-mem-ber Her prayers will hedge you in



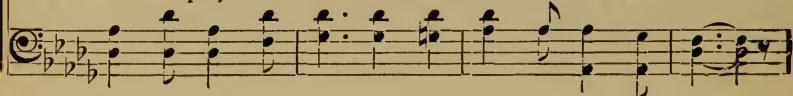
God send Thy rich-est bless-ing Up-on the young man's head. He
And breathed a prayer to heaven To save her child so weak. That
When world-ly snares be-set you And tempt you oft to sin. When



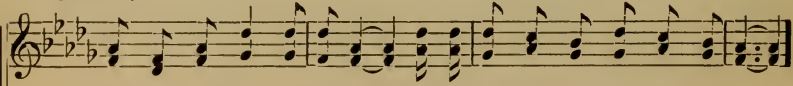
knew not then the pow'r Of that one lov-ing word, It
through the un-known future, Thro' path-ways dark or bright The
far from home you wander—Tho' moth-er's neath the sod, Oh,



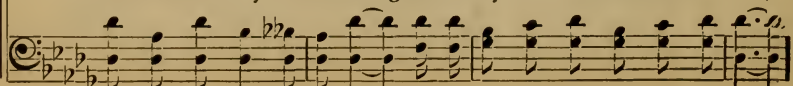
touched a chord long si-lent And sleep-ing mem'-ries stirred.
Fa-ther's hand would lead you And bring you to the right.
let her prayers be an-swered—Be true to her and God.



CHORUS.



"Some mother's boy" is wand'ring Far a-way on the mountains of sin;



SOME MOTHER'S BOY. Concluded.

God bless him! per-haps some loving word Will help him en - ter in.

No. 53. LET US CROWN HIM KING.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

T. G. COLFAX.

1. Oh praise the Lord, re - joice and sing, In ad - o - ra - tion bend,
2. Oh praise the Lord of earth and sky— Yea, tell a - far His name,
3. Oh praise the Lord, ye morn-ing stars, Let rocks and hills re - sound,
4. Oh praise the Lord of heaven a - bove, Let heav'n and earth a - dore,

To wor - ship our al - might-y King Whose king - dom hath no end.
 Since He hath brought sal - va - tion nigh, His love ye must pro - claim.
 For Christ hath bro - ken pri - son bars And hope for sin - ners found.
 And tell of His re - deem - ing love Till time shall be no more.

CHORUS.

Let us crown Him King, Let us crown the Sav-ior King,
 Crown Him King, crown Him King, Crown the Savior King,

Let us crown Him King Let us crown the Sav-ior King.
 Crown Him King, crown Him King,

No. 54. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN.
Andante.

"CONSECRATION."

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or over the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak,
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek,
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus the cru - ci - fied,

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

F. I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

FINE.

D.S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN. I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

Prayerfully.

1. This day I need Thee, thro' each fleeting mo-ment, None else but
 2. This day I need Thee, Blessings Thou hast giv-en Will not suf-
 3. This day may close my earth-ly life for - ev - er— To - morrow's

Thee can stay the tempter's pow'r. This day I need Thee,
 fice, or help me for to - day. I do not ask Thee
 dawn mine eyes may nev - er see. Let not one mo-ment

f FINE.
 stay Thou close beside me, Be Thou my guide, my strong and mighty tow'r.
 help for coming morrows, But for my pres-ent need, dear Lord, I pray.
 pass without Thy blessing, Till heav'n reveals Thy glory un - to me.

set his snares around me, Still I shall win if Thou wilt go be-fore.

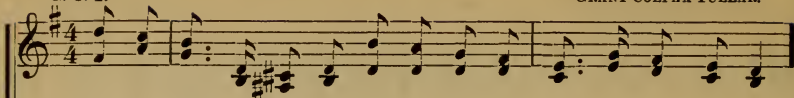
REFRAIN.
 This day I need Thee, ev -'ry moment need Thee, Yes, Lord, I

D. S.
 need Thee, need Thee more and more. Sa - tan may tempt and

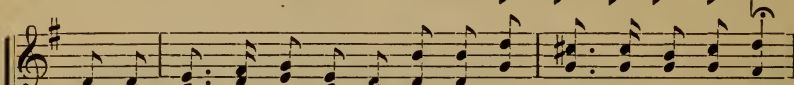
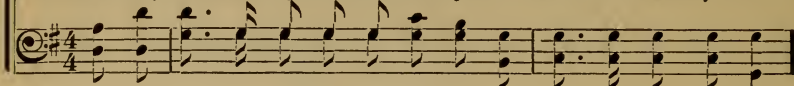
No. 56. THE HEAVENLY PASSWORD.

G. C. T.

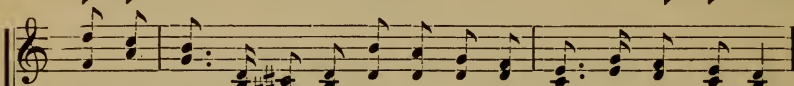
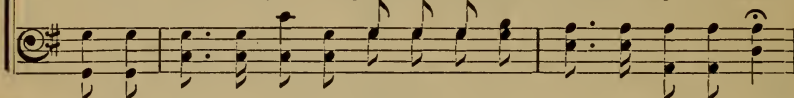
GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



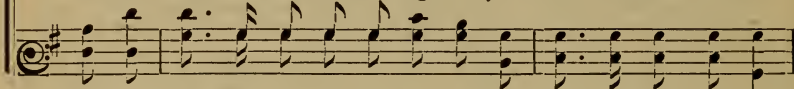
1. In my heart I have a treas-ure And its worth can-not be told;
 2. Oh the joy that Je - sus gave me When my sins were all for-given;
 3. Would you know this precious treasure? Je - sus ev - er read - y stands



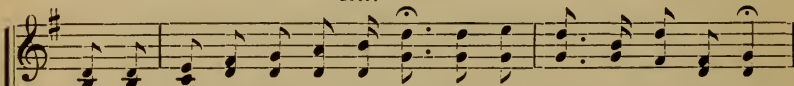
It will pass me thro' the por-tals To the streets of shin-ing gold;
 It was then I got the pass-word That would take me in - to heav'n;
 And He of - fers you His par - don, Point-ing to His nailpierced hands.



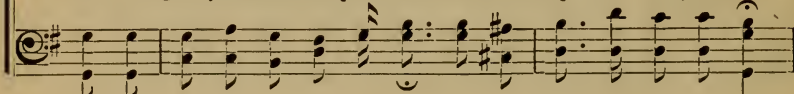
And no pow'r can take it from me While my Sa - vior has con-trol,
 Then He filled my life with sun-shine That no clouds can ev - er dim,
 Come to Him in faith be-liev - ing, In your life let Him con-trol,



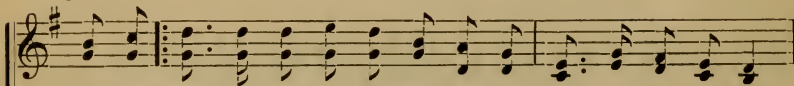
Rit.



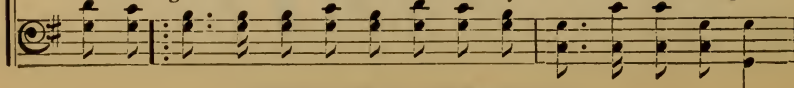
For I keep the heav'nly password Bur-ied deep with - in my soul.
 While I keep the heav'nly password And my eyes are fixed on Him.
 He will give you then the password Bur-ied deep with - in your soul.



CHORUS.



I have learned the heavenly password, And I keep it in my soul,
 gain a sure ad-mitt-ance To my life's ce - les - tial goal,



THE HEAVENLY PASSWORD. Concluded.

1

Where no power can take it from me, Tho' a-round me sin may roll.
If I (Omit.....)

2

Rit.
I shall keep the heav'nly password Bur-ied deep with-in my soul.

No. 57. HE IS CALLING.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice Which is more than (Omit.....) lib-er-ty.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to Thee.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior;
There is healing in His blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;

- And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 58. SOME ONE NEEDS THE SUNSHINE.

E. E. HEWITT.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Some one needs the sunshine sparkling on your way, Share the joy-ful glad-ness
 2. Some one, al-most yielding in the bit-ter strife, Needs your hand to help him
 3. Some one needs the comfort God hath giv-en you; Pass a - long a prom-ise,

with some friend to-day; Some one, faint and thirst-y for the liv - ing spring
 to a bet - ter life, Some one, heav - y la - den, needs your stronger arm.
 ten-der words and true; Some one needs the blessing that your pray'r might bring,

CHORUS.

Needs the cup of wa - ter you can sure - ly bring. }
 Light - en - ing the burden with love's gentle charm. } Not for self we're living
 Com - ing from the pres-ence of the Heav'nly King. }

as the moments fly, Helping one an-oth-er climbing toward the sky, Not for

self we're living as the days go by, Finding precious jewels for the crown on high.

No. 59. WHEN WITH JESUS SATISFIED.

IDA L. REED.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. O-ver there where breaks the morn-ing Of e - ter - ni - ty's fair day,
 2. There no care shall e'er dis - tress us, Troubles all will be for - got,
 3. Oh, the glo - ry of the dawn - ing, Oh, the peace of glad con - tent,

I shall meet my Lord and Sav - ior, And be sat - is - fied for aye.
 And throughout that blessed king - dom Sin and death shall en - ter not.
 That shall aye be mine in heav - en, When life's fit - ful day is spent.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Sav - - ior, sat - is - fied, In that land, be -
 Savior, sat - is - fied, Savior, sat - is - fied, Land beyond the sea,

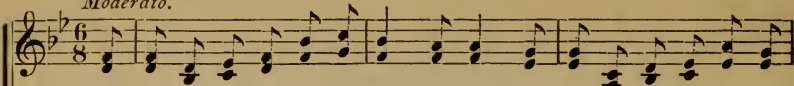
yond life's sea, I with Thee, shall e'er a -
 Land beyond life, s sea, Thee shall e'er a - bide,

bide, Hap - py through e - ter - ni - ty.
 Thee shall e'er a - bide, Hap - py through e - ter - ni - ty.

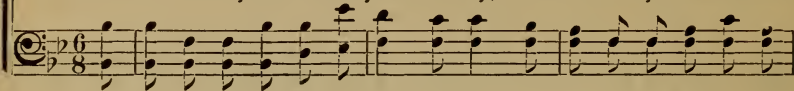
ROBT. L. FLETCHER.

I. H. MEREDITH.

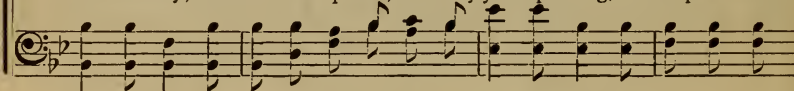
Moderato.



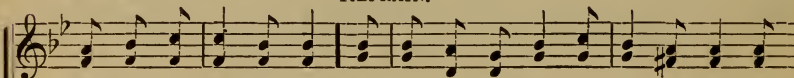
1. As panteth the hart in the sul-try glade, When chased from the brook and the
2. My tears are my sus-tenance night and day, And where is thy God? they of-
3. Why art thou dis-qui-et - ed, O my soul? My life shall the mercies of
4. My soul, O my God, have my foes cast down, Yet once were Thy people held
5. Yet kindness and love will the Lord command, And songs in the night in an
6. The sword of my foes seeks my soul to slay, And where is thy God? hear the



cool-ing shade; So, far from Thy courts in cap-tiv - i - ty, My soul is a-
fend-ing say; Then well I re-mem-ber the for-mer days, With mul-ti-tudes
God con-trol; Yet Him will I praise, while my years prolong, The help of whose
in re-nown; Deep answers, too deep when the thunders roar, So bil-lows their
al - ien land; Then why do I cry, hath my God for-got? Why mourn that op-
scof - fers say; Yet Him will I praise, while my years prolong, The help of whose

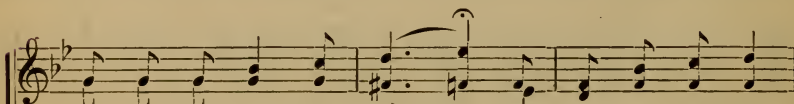
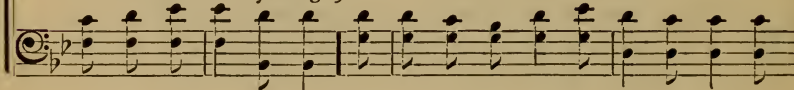


REFRAIN.

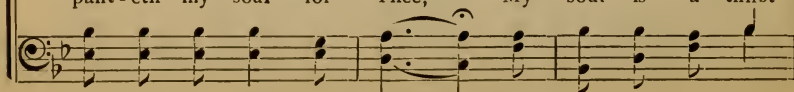


thirst, O my God, for Thee.
thronging the house of praise.
coun - te-nance is my song.
tor - rents up - on me pour.
pres - sion is now my lot!
coun - te-nance is my song.

As pant-eth the hart for wa - ter brooks, so



pant - eth my soul for Thee; My soul is a - thirst



AS PANTETH THE HART. Concluded.

Rit.

My soul is a - thirst, Thy lov - ing face to see.

No. 61. MARCHING WITH THE ARMY.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

NEWT. C. KEELING.

1. March-ing with the ar - my of Je - sus, Battling with a might-y foe;
2. March-ing with the ar - my of Je - sus, Where the saints be-fore have trod;
3. March-ing with the ar - my of Je - sus, Sing-ing glo - ry to our King;

Lift-ing high the roy - al ban-ner,—On to vic - to - ry we go.
 Christ Himself the fath - ful lead - er, Onward moves the Church of God.
 With His blood He hath redeemed us, High-est hon - ors to Him bring.

CHORUS.

March - ing, march - ing, Un - der the ban - ner
 March-ing on - ward, march-ing on - ward,

of our King, Glo - ry be to Je - sus! Men and an - gels sing.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rapt-ure now
 3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God,
 burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing bring from a - bove,
 hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. } This is my sto - ry,
 Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

Andante.

1. How man - y hours of an-guish spent, He knows! He knows!
 2. What com - fort we may find in this, He knows! He knows!
 3. Then, Soul be still. Whate'er thy lot, He knows! He knows!

How rough the path and steep ascent, He knows, yes Jesus knows! He
 Each day may bring with sweetest bliss, repose, sweet re - pose! No
 Thy faint-est cry is ne'er forgot, He knows, yes Jesus knows! Each

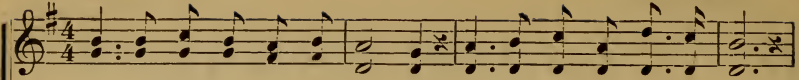
knows how angry waves have toss'd Upon the sea which you have crossed,
 foe can put our souls to flight, No cloud by day, or storm by night
 mo - ment with its sting of pain, Thy sad mistakes how ev - er vain,

Rallentando.

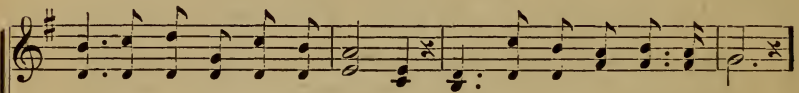
'Till e'en thy stur - dy barque seem'd lost, Yes, Je - sus knows.
 Can mar the beau - ty of our light, When Je - sus knows.
 Shall work for thee some fu - ture gain, If Je - sus knows.

C. S. KAUFFMAN.

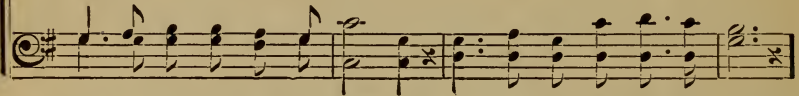
EDWIN J. NEWTON.



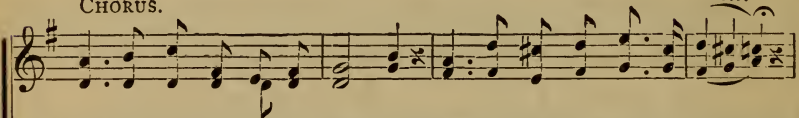
1. Peace with God thro' Christ our Sav - ior, By His blood we're jus - ti - fied;
2. Peace, the Christian's con - so - la - tion, Peace the world can nev - er know;
3. Peace that pass-eth un - der - stand - ing, Peace, the com - fort of the soul;
4. Peace on earth and joy in heav - en, For this cause the Sav - ior came;



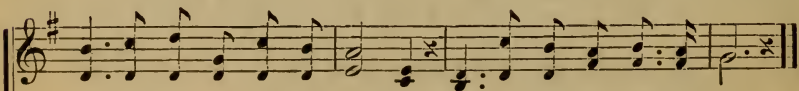
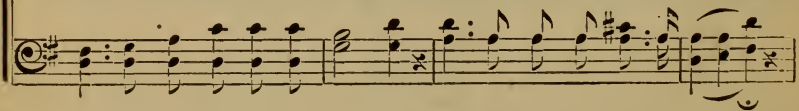
By His mer - cy and His fa - vor, Peace our souls hath sat - is - fied.
 Com - ing from our Heav'ly Fa - ther, Ev - er with us here be - low.
 Peace in joy, and peace in sor - row, Peace with - in tho' tempests roll.
 Bring - ing peace and joy and bless - ing, Thro' be - liev - ing on His name.



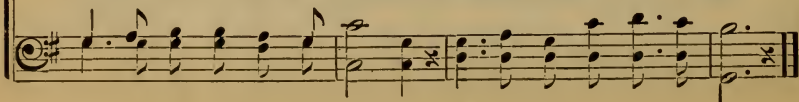
CHORUS.



Peace that pass-eth un - der - stand - ing, Peace the world can nev - er know;



Peace that flow-eth like a riv - er, Sat - is - fies us as we go.



ROBT. L. FLETCHER.

Psalm 23.

I H. MEREDITH. ARR.

1. The King of Love my Shep-herd is, Who walks my steps be - side;
 2. When faint, He doth my soul re-store, And right - eous - ly doth keep,
 3. Nay, He doth make me sit and dine, While stand a-round my foes;

Since He is mine, and I am His, My wants are all sup-plied;
 And for His name's sake ev - er-more, In kind - ness guards His sheep.
 He brings me to His feast of wine, My cup with joy o'er-flows;

In pas-tures green, by liv - ing streams, I lay me down to rest;
 Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale, Well may I fear no ill,
 Sure - ly His great and match-less love Shall crown my pil - grim days,

There He from care my soul re-deems, And I am sweet - ly blest.
 For His own prom - ise can - not fail, To walk be - side me still.
 And in my Fa - ther's house a - bove, I still shall sing His praise.

There He from care my soul re-deems, And I am sweet - ly blest.
 For His own prom - ise can - not fail, To walk be - side me still.
 And in my Fath - er's house a - bove, I still shall sing His praise.

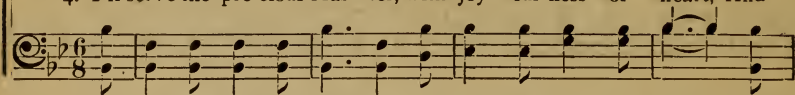
No. 66. AS THE APPLE OF HIS EYE.

E. E. HEWITT.

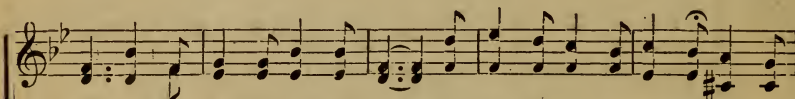
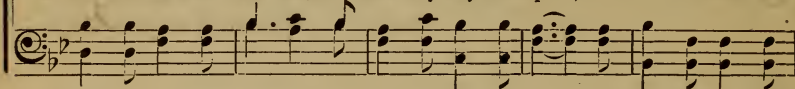
CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



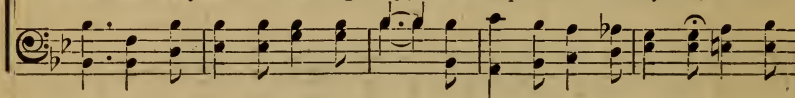
1. Oh! what a might - y Sav - ior, re-mem-b'ring all my need! His
2. The winds may sweep around me, the sun with-draw its light, Yet
3. The griefs a - long the path-way, like thorns a-mong the flow'rs, But
4. I'll serve the pre-cious Mas - ter, with joy - ful-ness of heart, And



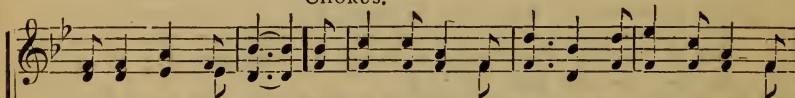
ten-der-ness and mer-cy a moth-er's care ex-ceed; I cast my care up-
Je-sus is the Day-spring whose smile dispels the night; I'll creep the closer
bid my soul look for-ward to E-den's fair - er bow'rs; And ev-'ry joy is
tell His love to oth - ers, till earth - ly days de - part; A bless-ed home a-



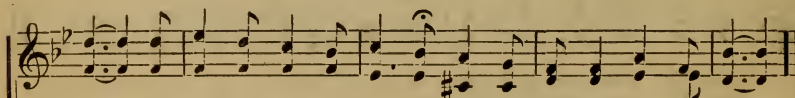
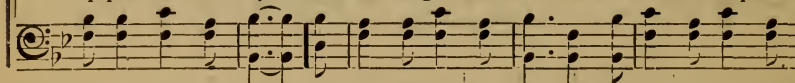
on Him, He hears my faintest cry; He'll keep me, for He says so, as the
to Him un - til the storm goes by; He'll keep me, for He says so, as the
sweet-er, the Giv - er draws so nigh; He'll keep me, for He says so, as the
waits me be-yond the arch-ing sky; He'll keep me, for He says so, as the



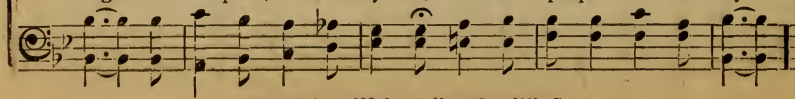
CHORUS.



ap-ple of His eye! Oh! what a glo-rious Sav-ior! His love so deep, so



high! He'll keep me, for He says so, as the ap - ple of His eye!

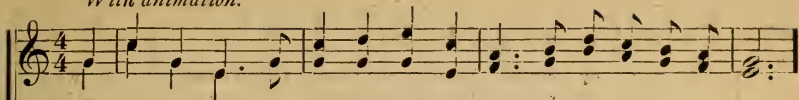


ROBT. L. FLETCHER.

Met. ver. 97 Ps.

I. H. MEREDITH.

With animation.



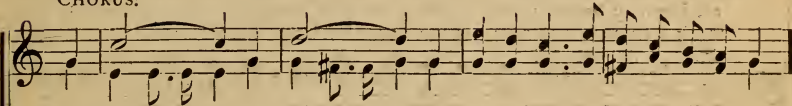
1. Je - ho - vah reigns; re - joice, O earth, Ye isles ex - ult in songs of mirth;
 2. His dwell - ing - place is up on high, Yet by our faith we bring Him nigh;
 3. For light is for the righteous sown, The up - right gladness have a - lone;



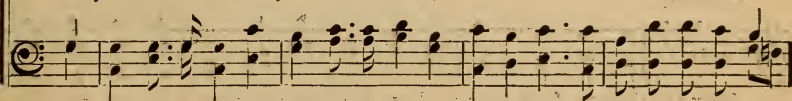
On righteousness and truth a - lone, For - ev - er stands His judgment throne.
 And we who at His al - tars serve, Our souls from harm He will preserve.
 Re - joice, ye saints, His goodness bless, And praise Him for His ho - li - ness.



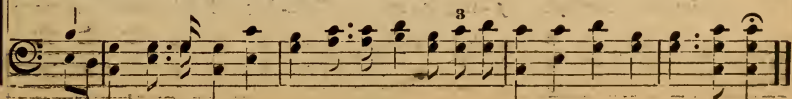
CHORUS.



Re - joice, re - joice, For ev - er - more the great Jehovah bless;
 Re - joice in the Lord, re - joice in the Lord,



Give thanks, give thanks, at the remembrance of His ho - li - ness.
 Give thanks to the Lord, give thanks to the Lord,



F. S. SHEPARD.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.

1. Do you ev - er tell how Je - sus sought and saved you, As with
 2. Do you ev - er tell how much the Sav - ior loves you, How He
 3. Do you ev - er tell the pre - cious - ness of Je - sus, How with -
 4. Do you ev - er tell that soon the Sav - ior's com - ing, With great

lost and wand'ring ones you dai - ly meet? It would glo - ri - fy your
 dai - ly comes to walk and talk with you? If you did, there're many
 out Him you would scarcely care to live; How He wait - eth that to
 ma - jes - ty and power on earth to reign? It would be for life and

bless - ed Mas - ter sure - ly, If the sto - ry you would oft and oft re - peat.
 weary hearts 'twould brighten, Many lives despondent start with hopes a - new.
 all He may be gra - cious, And to them His wondrous power and spirit give?
 work a great in - cen - tive, If the world but knew He soon would come again.

CHORUS.

Why not then go forth with read - y, cheer - ful mes - sage, Seek - ing to pro -

claim the Savior's dy - ing love; Tell - ing of His wondrous grace

DO YOU EVER TELL? Concluded.

and His ten-der mer-cy, Point-ing wand'ring, weary ones to Him a-bove?

No. 69. THE WONDERFUL STORY.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

L. H. MEREDITH.

1. Have you heard the wonderful sto - ry? Let me tell it o'er a - gain,
 2. Je - sus com-eth, hum-ble and low-ly, With His sin - ful ones to dwell;
 3. Bless-ed Sav-ior, born in a man-ger, Thou hast bro't me lib - er - ty;

How the Lord for-sook His glo - ry, All to save the sons of men.
 And His love, so pure and ho - ly, Mor-tal lips can nev-er tell.
 Thou dost save from sin and dan - ger— I re - joice to wor-ship Thee.

CHORUS.

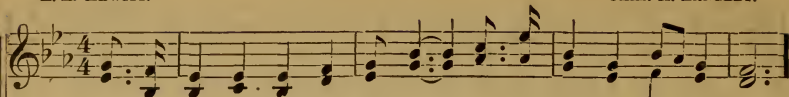
Wonderful Savior, wonderful Savior, Thou art the dear-est joy of my heart;

Thou art my on-ly hope of sal-va-tion, King of my peace, my treasure Thou art.

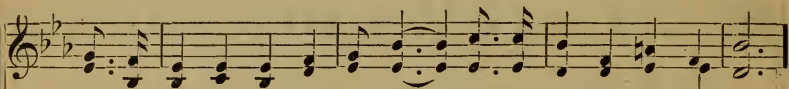
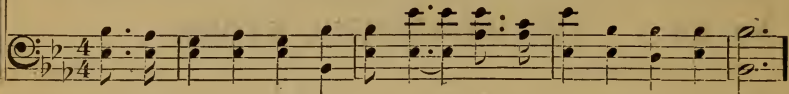
No. 70. DO THE DUTY THAT LIES NEAREST.

E. E. HEWITT.

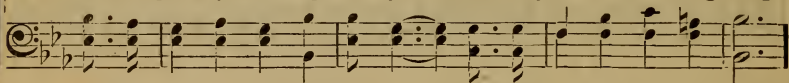
CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



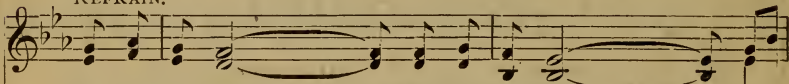
1. Do the du - ty that lies near - est, Since the Mas - ter placed it there;
 2. Do not deem it wast - ed la - bor, Toil - ing on in low - ly ways;
 3. Tho' the song's for ma - ny voic - es, You can on - ly sing your part;
 4. Do the du - ty just be - fore you, It was chos - en by your King;



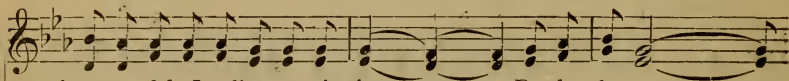
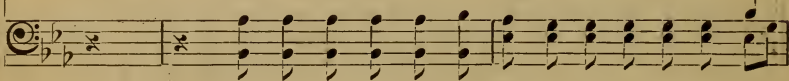
Let His serv - ice be the dear - est, Trust - ing in His ten - der care.
 One kind word to help a neigh - bor, Ech - oes to the Mas - ter's praise!
 Sing it! for the Lord re - joic - es, In the will - ing, grate - ful heart!
 He, so gent - ly watch - ing o'er you, Will the prom - ised bless - ing bring.



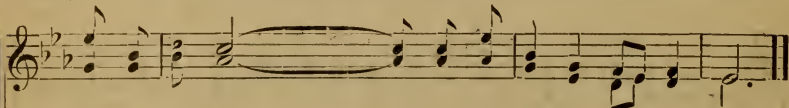
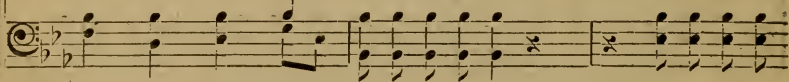
REFRAIN.



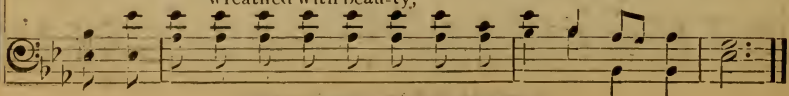
Do the du - ty, wreathed with beau - ty, The
 Do the du - ty, wreathed with beauty,



beau - ty of the Lord's approv - ing love; Do the du - ty,
 beau - ty of the Lord's approv - ing love; Do the du - ty,



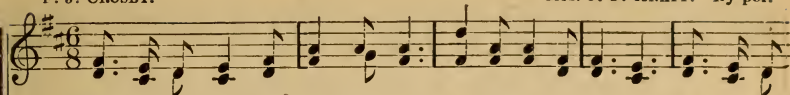
..... wreathed with beau - ty, There's a blest re - ward a - bove!
 wreathed with beau - ty,



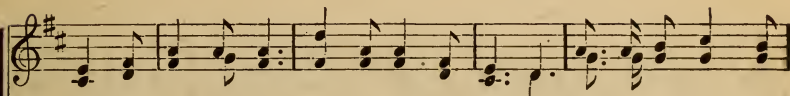
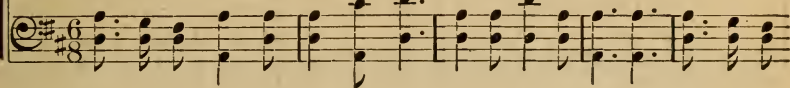
"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

F. J. CROSBY.

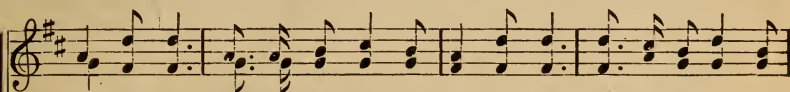
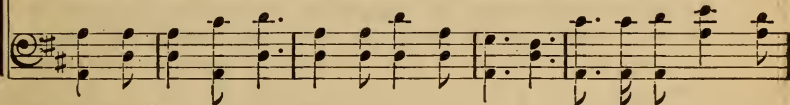
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



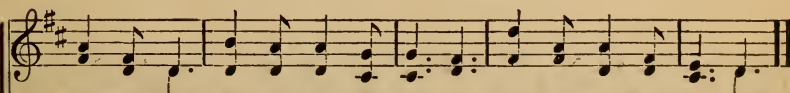
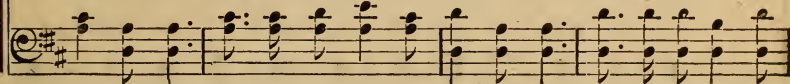
1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming nearer, Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer- cy seat, I am coming nearer, Feasting my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am coming nearer, Deep-er the



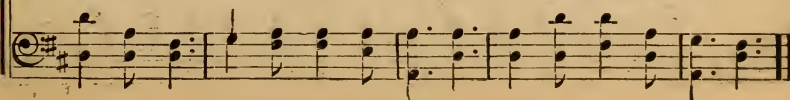
cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of



Je- sus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide, Near-er my Sav-ior's
clear I see Je- sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I



wounded side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

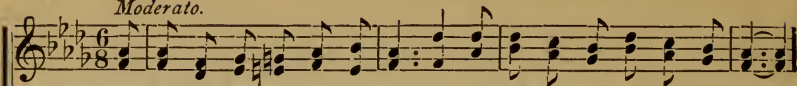


No. 72. IT WILL BE JOYFUL THERE.

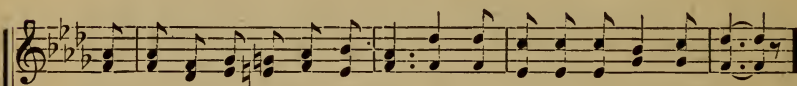
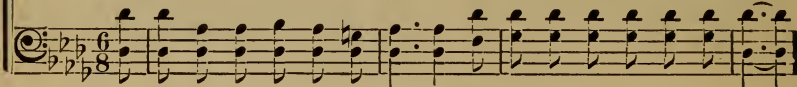
G. C. T.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

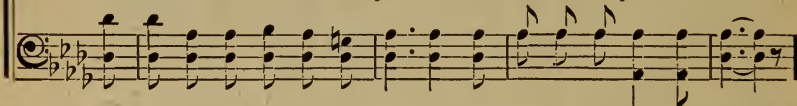
Moderato.



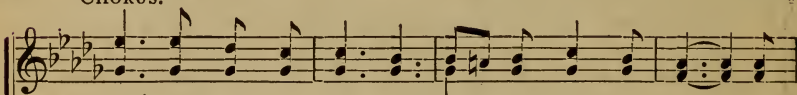
1. Oft lone-ly and wea-ry I journey Toward heav'n, that cit-y so fair;
2. I have a dear Sav - ior in heav-en, No friend can with Je-sus com - pare;
3. I have a bright mansion in heaven That Je - sus has gone to pre - pare;
4. And when all earth's trials are end-ed, A bright star-ry crown I shall wear;
5. Just think of the glo-ries e - ter - nal! No sickness, no sor-row, no care;



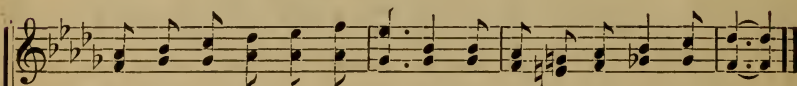
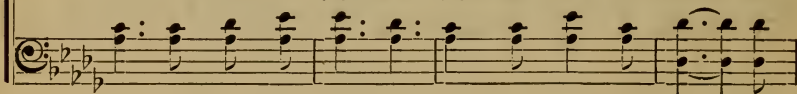
But when I shall reach its fair por - tals, Oh, it will be joy - ful there.
And when face to face I shall see Him, Oh, it will be joy - ful there.
And when in that mansion I'm dwelling, Oh, it will be joy - ful there.
I'll dwell with the ransomed for-ev - er, Oh, it will be joy - ful there.
No more sad farewells to be spok - en, No loved ones to part with there.



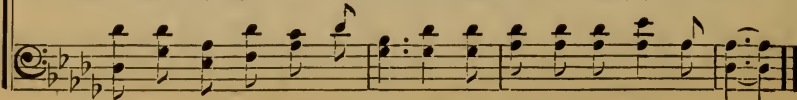
CHORUS.



Oh, it will be joy - ful, joy - ful o - ver there, To



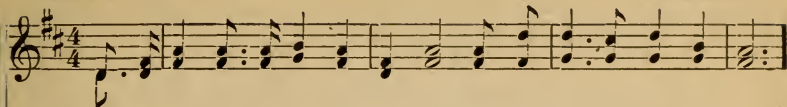
share the bright glo-ries e - ter - nal, Oh, it will be joy - ful there.



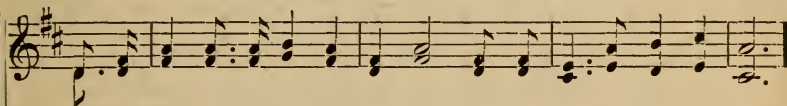
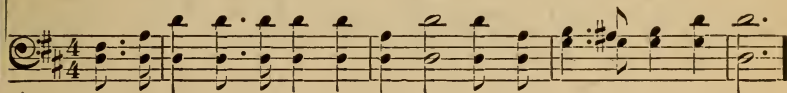
No. 73. LIGHT FROM THE HOME-LAND.

JENNIE WILSON.

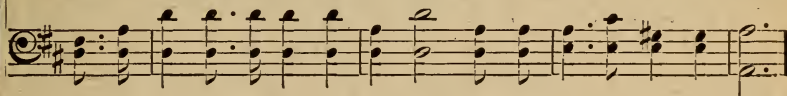
I. H. MEREDITH.



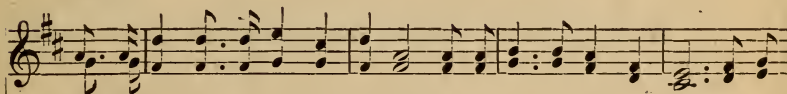
1. There's a soul-cheer-ing radiance streaming From the strand beyond the tide;
2. Tho' a-bove us the storm-clouds gather, And a-round the bil-lows war;
3. Tho' the jour-ney be long and drear-y, We shall an-chor with the blest;
4. How the light from the Home-land glowing Gladdens all our pilgrim way;



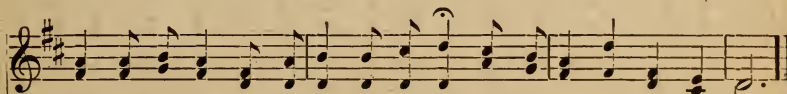
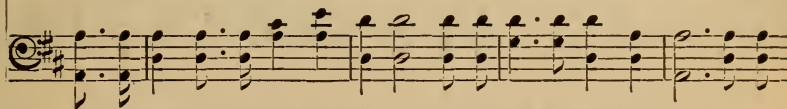
'Tis a light from the Home-land beaming, O'er the waves our bark to guide.
Still the hand of a lov-ing Fa-ther Sends a light from Heaven's shore.
And tho' tempest-toss'd, worn and wea-ry, In the Home-land we shall rest.
With as-sur-ance that we are go-ing To a port of per-fect day.



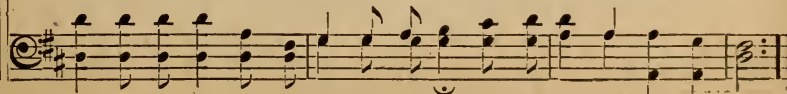
CHORUS.



Bless-ed light from the Home-land streaming, Shining out o'er life's dark sea, May that

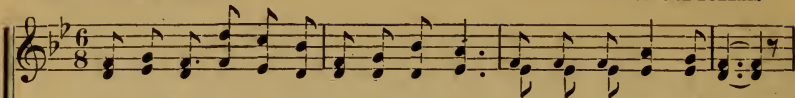


light guide us on till the har-bor is won, And from dan-ger we are free.

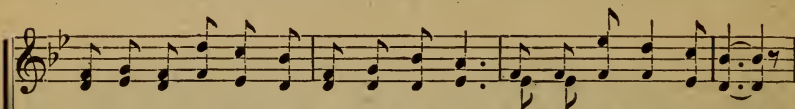
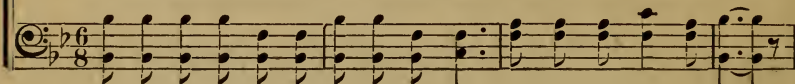


MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

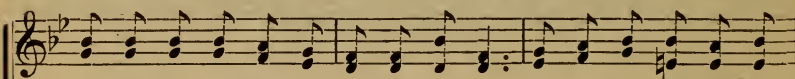
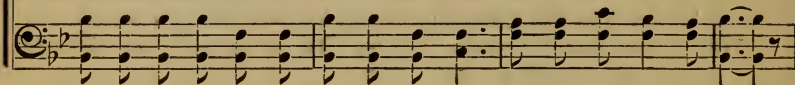
GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



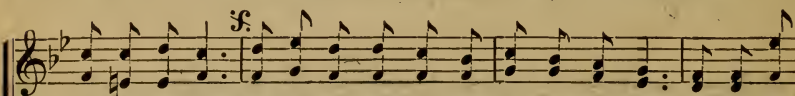
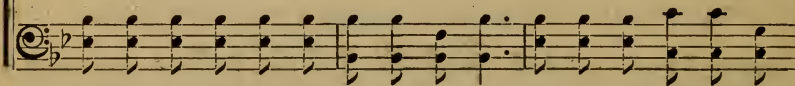
1. Sin-ner, what will ye that Je-sus should do? Je - sus is here to save;
2. Won-der-ful goodness to you may a-bound, Je - sus is here to save;
3. Life ev - er-last-ing the Sav-ior will give, Je - sus is here to save;
4. Je - sus says ten-der-ly, "Come un-to me"—Je - sus is here to save;



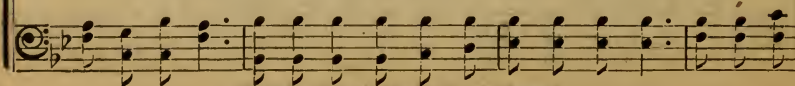
Par-don-ing mer-cy is of - fered to you, Je - sus is here to save.
 All you can need shall in Je - sus be found, Je - sus is here to save.
 Per-ish - ing sin-ner, be-lieve it and live, Je - sus is here to save.
 Of-fers you par-don and of - fers it free, Je - sus is here to save.



Je - sus is long-ing your bur-dens to bear, Wait-ing to take all your
 Je - sus will give you a hope that en-dures, Heal-ing, and com-fort, and
 Grace so a-bound-ing de - lay not to choose, Hope of sal - va - tion ye
 Will you His great in - vi - ta - tion o - bey? Will you have rich-es that



sor-row and care, Waiting to an-swer your pen - i-tent pray'r—Je-sus is
 peace He se-ures, All that could bless you may ev - er be yours—Je-sus is
 nev - er must lose, Sure-ly no long - er your heart will re - fuse,—Je-sus is
 nev - er de - cay? Take His sal - va - tion and take it to - day,—Je-sus is



D. S.—*Blest be His name that for sin-ners He came, Je-sus is*

JESUS IS HERE TO SAVE. Concluded.

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

here to save. Je - sus is here to save, Je - sus is here to save. Oh,
to save,

here to save.

No. 75. WILL YOU TRY TO MEET ME THERE?

G. B. FIELDS.

G. B. FIELDS.

1. There's a land be - yond the star - lit skies, Will you try to meet me there?
2. Pain and death can nev - er en - ter there, Will you try to meet me there?
3. Oft we wan - der here without a home, Will you try to meet me there?

Where the love - light nev - er, nev - er dies, Will you try to meet me there?
In that land so free from toil and care, Will you try to meet me there?
But we seek a cit - y yet to come, Will you try to meet me there?

CHORUS.

Far a - way be - side life's riv - er, Where the blessed an - gels gath - er,

There the saints shall dwell for - ev - er, Will you try to meet me there?

No. 76. IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Say, is your lamp burn - ing? O Chris - tian, I pray you look
 2. Re - mem - ber how ma - ny a - round you Will fol - low wher -
 3. There's ma - ny a lamp that is light - ed, We see them from
 4. But if they were trimmed night and morn - ing, They'd nev - er burn
 5. If once all the lamps that are light - ed Should stead - i - ly
 6. How all the dark plac - es would bright - en! The mists would roll

quick - ly and see, For if it were burn - ing, then sure - ly Some
 ev - er you go; The thought that they walk'd in your shad - ow Would
 near and from far, But few in their lus - tre and beau - ty Shine
 down or go out, Though from the four quar - ters of heav - en The
 blaze in a line, Wide o - ver the land and the o - cean A
 up and a - way! The earth would laugh out in her glad - ness To

beams would fall brightly on me, Some beams would fall brightly on me.
 make your lamp brighter I know, Would make your lamp brighter I know.
 stead - i - ly on like a star, Shine stead - i - ly on like a star.
 winds were all blow - ing a - bout, The winds were all blow - ing a - bout.
 gird - le of glo - ry would shine, A gird - le of glo - ry would shine.
 hail the mil - len - ni - al day! To hail the mil - len - ni - al day!

CHORUS.

Lift your lamp high - er, Lift your lamp high - er, high - er, still high - er, Then

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING? Concluded.

lift your lamp higher, O Christian, Lest some should make fa-tal de - lay.

No. 77. I SURRENDER ALL.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His presence dai - ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow; }
 { Worldly pleasures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol-ly Thine. }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all,

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Lord, I give myself to Thee;
 Fill me with Thy love and power,
 Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Now I feel the sacred flame;
 O the joy of full salvation!
 Glory, glory to His name!

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. O - ver yon - der there is rest, And the wea - ry and oppressed Shall for -
 2. O - ver yon - der there is song, That shall ev - er sweep a - long Thro' a
 3. O - ver yon - der joy shall reign, For we'll meet our own again, Freed from

ev - er - more be blest, By and by. Lone - ly hearts no more are lone,
 happy, white - robed throng, By and by. And the new song we shall sing,
 wea - ri - ness and pain, By and by. O the glad - ness of that day,

And no sor - row shall be known, In that hap - py, hap - py home on high.
 Is of our e - ter - nal King, Who has bro't us to that home on high.
 With our tears all wiped a - way, In that bless - ed home be - yond the sky.

CHORUS.
 O - ver yon - der all is bright, O - ver yon - der all is right, For there

nev - er com - eth night, By and by. There are streets of shin - ing gold,

OVER YONDER. Concluded.

There are glo-ries none have told, In that hap-py land be-yond the sky.

No. 79. COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"For with thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Come with thy sins to the fount-ain, Come with thy bur-den of grief;
2. Come as thou art to the fount-ain, Je - sus is wait-ing for thee;
3. These are the words of the Sav - ior; They who re-pent and be - lieve,
4. Come and be healed at the fount-ain, List to the peace-speaking voice;

Bu - ry them deep in its wa - ters, There thou wilt find a re - lief.
 What tho' thy sins are like crim - son, White as the snow they shall be.
 They who are will-ing to trust Him, Life at His hand shall re-ceive.
 O - ver a sin - ner re - turn - ing, Now let the an - gels re - joice.

CHORUS.

Haste thee a-way, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a mo-ment's de-lay;

Je - sus is wait - ing to save thee, Mer - cy is plead - ing to - day.

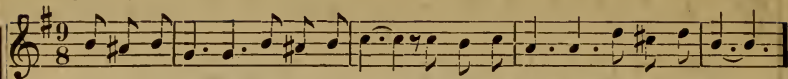
No. 80.

LOOKING THIS WAY.

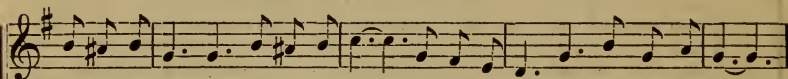
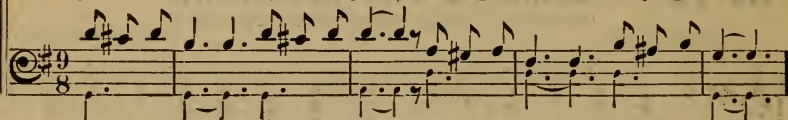
J. W. VAN DE V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

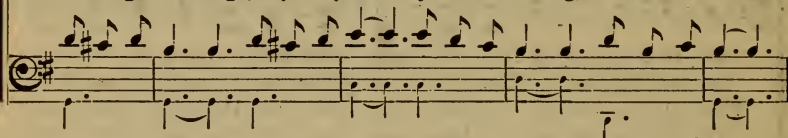
DUET.



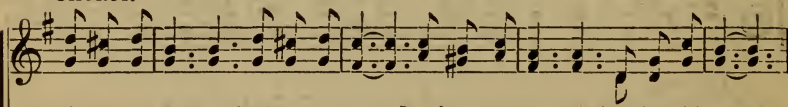
1. O-ver the riv - er fac-es I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
2. Father and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sis-ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the others, coming sometime;
4. Sweet little darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning come;
5. Je-sus, the Savior, bright morning star, Looking for lost ones straying a-far;



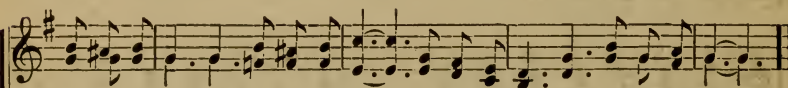
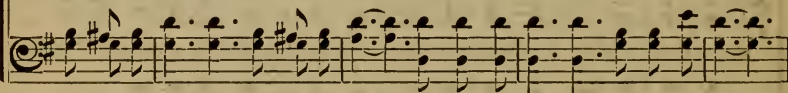
Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and watching patiently there.
 Bearing the loved ones over the tide In- to the har- bor, near to their side.
 Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting be- low.
 Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously look- ing, moth- er, for you.
 Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Je- sus is call- ing, "Sinner, come home."



CHORUS.



Looking this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;



Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo- ry, looking this way.

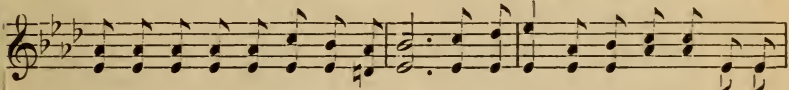
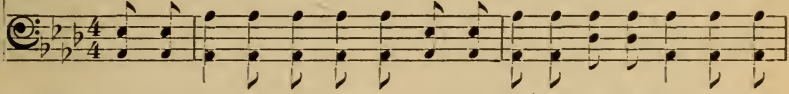


FANNY J. CROSBY.

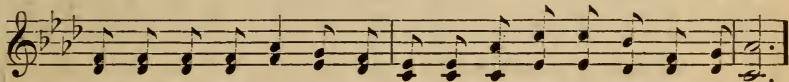
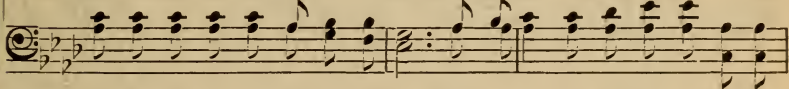
JNO. R. SWENEY.



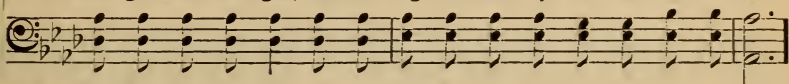
1. When my life-work is end - ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white. He will



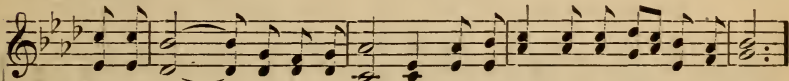
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lus-tre of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
 lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



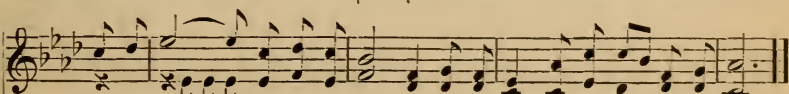
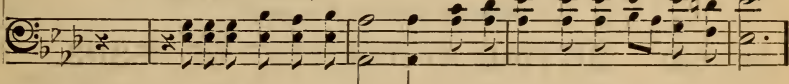
reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
 mer - cy, love and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.



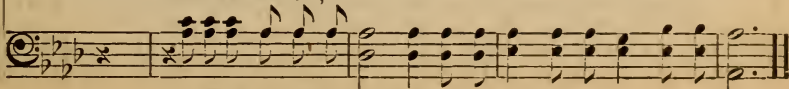
CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
 I shall know Him,



I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
 I shall know Him,



No. 82. NOBODY KNOWS LIKE JESUS.

HARRIET E. JONES.

I. HICKMAN MEREDITH.

Tenderly.

1. No - bod - y knows like Je - sus, Who seeth my ev - 'ry sin;
 2. No - bod - y knows like Je - sus, Who shar-eth my grief and care;
 3. No - bod - y knows like Je - sus, Who seeth each sad mis - take;
 4. No - bod - y knows like Je - sus, Who leadeth me safe a - long,

And none like pre-cious Je - sus, Can make me pure with - in.
 And none can help so sweet - ly, My dai - ly cross to bear.
 And still so kind - ly whis - pers, "I nev - er will for - sake."
 Up to the shin - ing high - lands Of beau - ty, joy, and song.

CHORUS.

No - bod - y knows like Je - sus, And oh! it's bet - ter so;

For Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, True rich - es can be - stow.

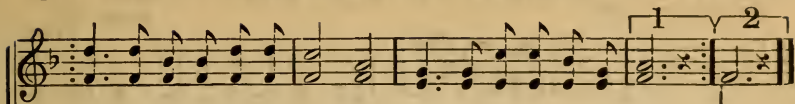
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No. 83. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

Arranged.

1. { Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh, what words I hear Him say!
 Happy place, so near, so pre-cious! May it find me there each [Omit.] day.

SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.—Concluded.

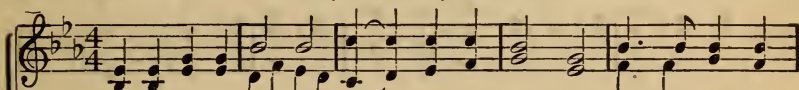


Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up-on the past;
For His love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at [Omit.] last.

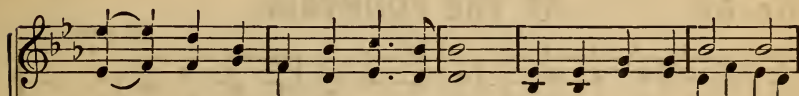
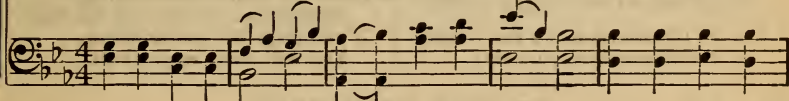
2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And, when weary, find sweet rest;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray,
While I from His fullness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

3 Bless me, O my Savior, bless me,
As I sit low at Thy feet;
Oh, look down in love upon me,
Let me see Thy face so sweet;
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
Make me holy as He is:
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness.

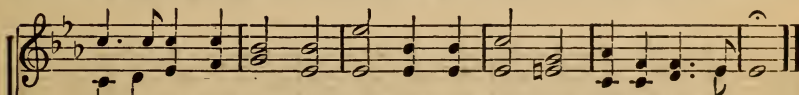
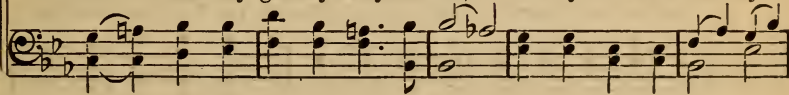
No. 84. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.



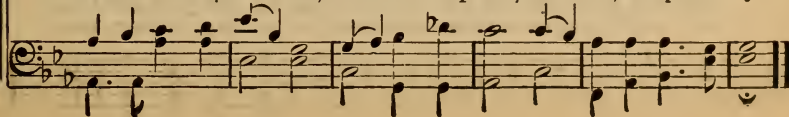
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of



morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
golden crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera-phem
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!



mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
fall-ing down before Thee Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none beside Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu-ri-ty.



No. 85.

TURN TO THE LORD.

JOSEPH HART. 1759.

Anon. 1830.

FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r. }

D. C. Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal-va-tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Turn to the Lord and seek sal-va-tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness He requireth,
 Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.

No. 86.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Old Melody.

1. Of Him who did sal-va-tion bring, I'm at the fount-ain drinking,
 2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the fount-ain drinking,
 3. Tho' sin and sor-row wound my soul, I'm at the fount-ain drinking,

I could for- ev- er think and sing, I'm on my jour-ney home.
 Ask, and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my jour-ney home.
 Je- sus, Thy balm will make me whole, I'm on my jour-ney home.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the chorus, featuring a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is marked with first and second endings.

Glo-ry to God! I'm at the fount-ain drinking; on my journey home.

4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
I meet the object of my love;
I'm on my journey home.

5 Insatiate to the spring I fly;
I'm at the fountain drinking;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
I'm on my journey home.

No. 87.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

Dr. W. F. MACKAY.

English Melody.

Musical notation for 'Revive Us Again', featuring a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the chorus, featuring a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature.

Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
shown us our Sav - ior, and scat-tered our night.
borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev-'ry stain. } Hal - le - lu - jah!
bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways. }
soul be re - kin-dled with fire from a - bove.

Musical notation for the final line, featuring a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is marked with first and second endings.

Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 88.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 89.

ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE.

W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pas - sing hour: What but Thy
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

ABIDE WITH ME. Concluded.

deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bid; When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way, Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
gloom, and point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bid with me.
all a - round I see: O Thou, who changest not, a - bid with me.
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bid with me.
earth's vain shadows flee: In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me.

No. 90. SWEET NAME OF JESUS.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast;
3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build, My Shield and Hid - ing place;
4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm - est thought;
5. Till then I would Thy love proclaim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;

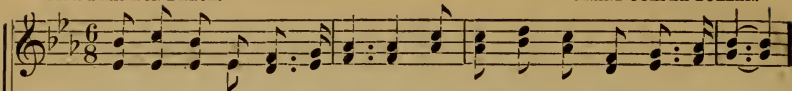
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
My nev - er - fail - ing Treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

No. 91.

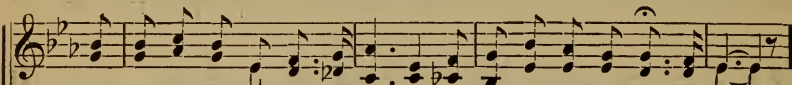
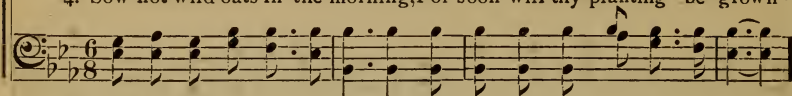
SOW NOT WILD OATS.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

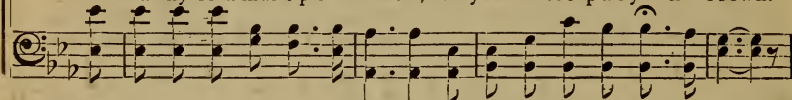
GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



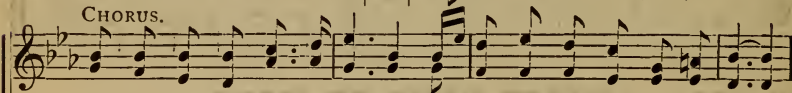
1. Sow not wild oats in the morning, For time swift-ly pass - es a - way,
2. Sow not wild oats in the morning, What-ev - er Thy comrades may do,
3. Sow not wild oats in the morning, For oh, there is ma - ny a snare
4. Sow not wild oats in the morning, For soon will thy planting be grown-



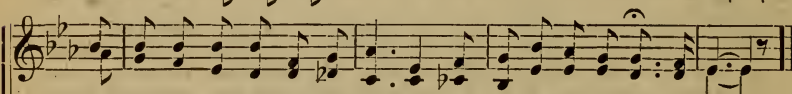
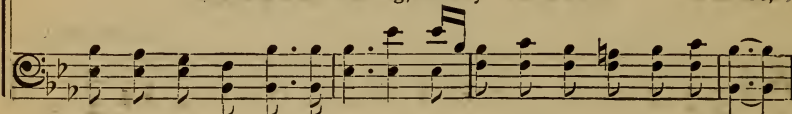
And sure - ly the har - vest is coming, And you shall be reap - er that day,
Lest harvest time bring you to sorrow, And oth - ers should suffer with you,
Concealed in that pit - i - ful harvest, That bringeth but pain and despair.
A ma - ny - fold mul - ti - plied harvest, And you must reap all you have sown.



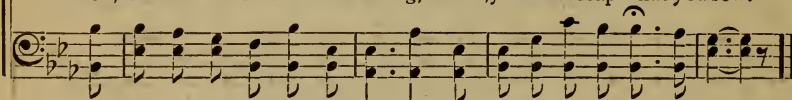
CHORUS.



Sow not wild oats in the morning, 'Twill yield but a har - vest of woe,



Then, sow not wild oats in the morning, For oh, you must reap what you sow.

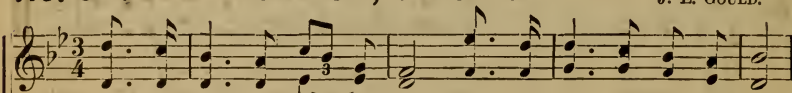


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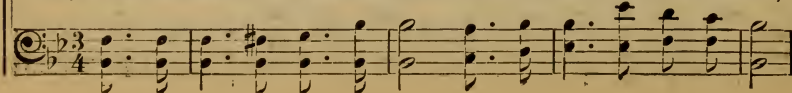
No. 92.

SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - ous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar,



SAVIOR, PILOT ME. Concluded.

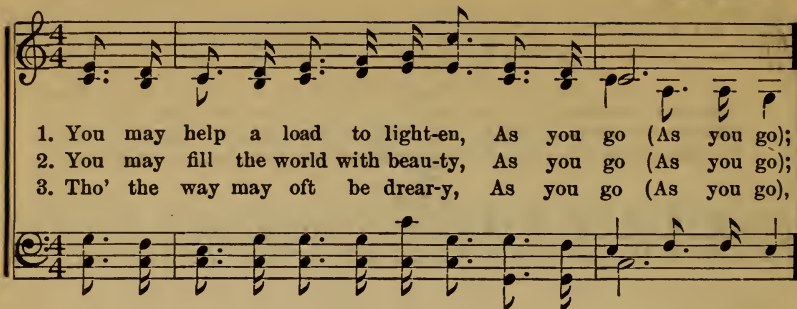
Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treachrous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou sayst to them, "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast.

Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

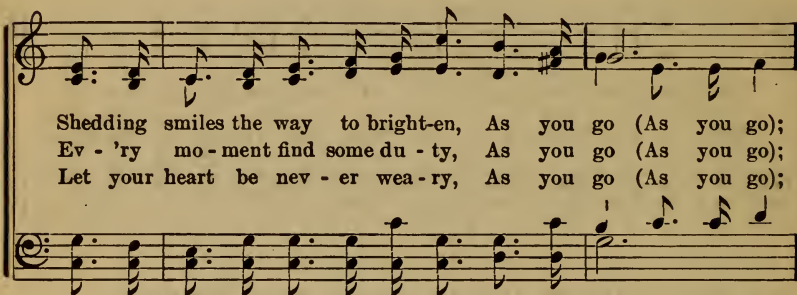
No. 93. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. Oh, pre - cious cross! oh, glorious crown! Oh res - ur - rection day!

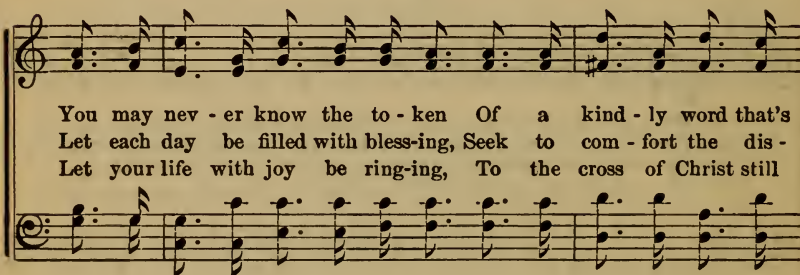
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.



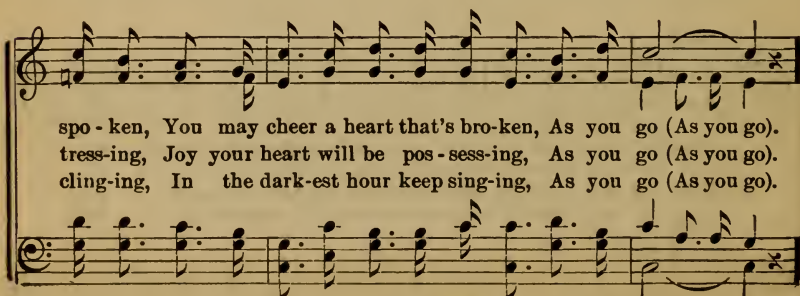
1. You may help a load to light-en, As you go (As you go);
 2. You may fill the world with beau-ty, As you go (As you go);
 3. Tho' the way may oft be drear-y, As you go (As you go),



Shedding smiles the way to bright-en, As you go (As you go);
 Ev - 'ry mo - ment find some du - ty, As you go (As you go);
 Let your heart be nev - er wea - ry, As you go (As you go);



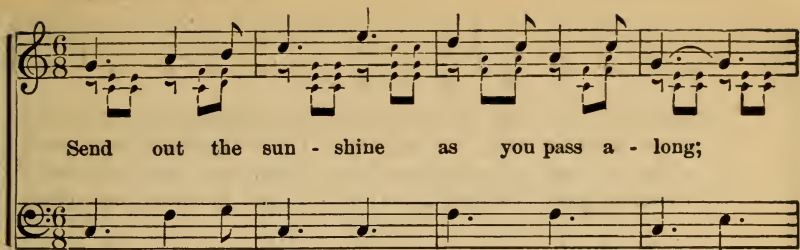
You may nev - er know the to - ken Of a kind - ly word that's
 Let each day be filled with bless-ing, Seek to com - fort the dis -
 Let your life with joy be ring-ing, To the cross of Christ still



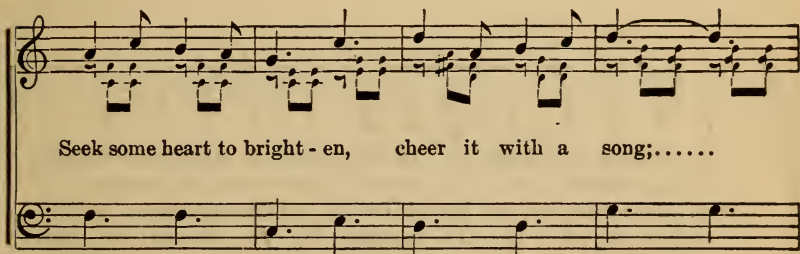
spo - ken, You may cheer a heart that's bro - ken, As you go (As you go).
 tress-ing, Joy your heart will be pos - sess-ing, As you go (As you go).
 cling-ing, In the dark - est hour keep sing-ing, As you go (As you go).

AS YOU GO.—Concluded.

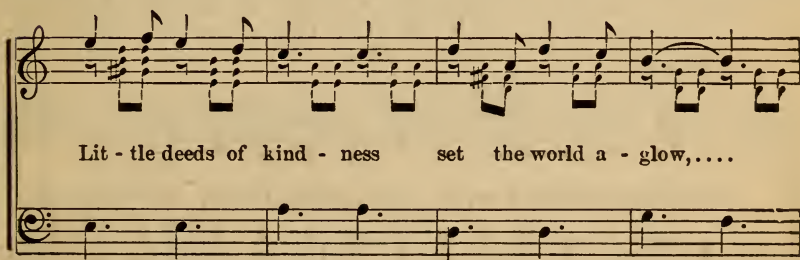
CHORUS. UNISON.



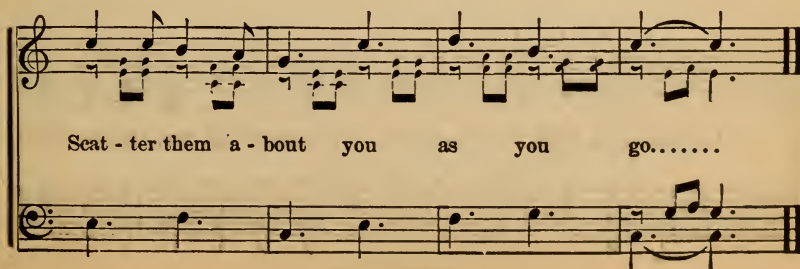
Send out the sun - shine as you pass a - long;



Seek some heart to bright - en, cheer it with a song;.....



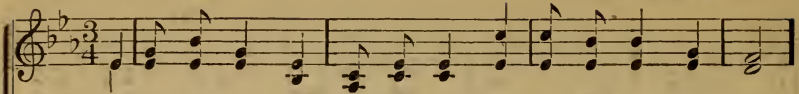
Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness set the world a - glow,....



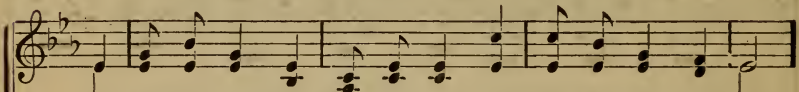
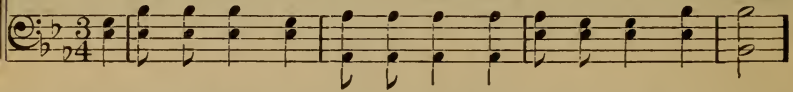
Scat - ter them a - bout you as you go.....

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

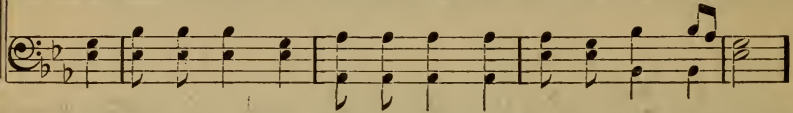
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



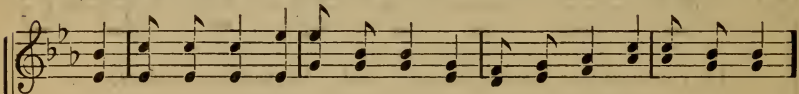
1. Oh! now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide:
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A-bove the world and sin,
4. A-maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low, To feel the blood ap - plied,



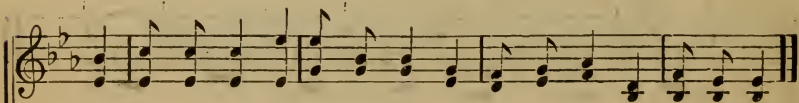
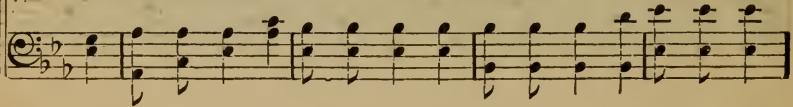
Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wound-ed side.
 It speaks! pol-lut - ed na - ture dies! Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
 With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned within.
 And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.



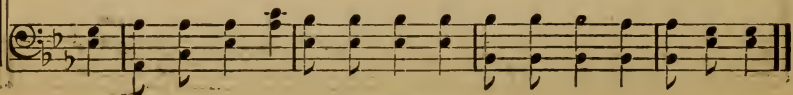
CHORUS.



The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!



Oh! praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!



No. 96. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

GOULD.

SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or

Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!
 All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
 Un - to Christ, the King, 'This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,

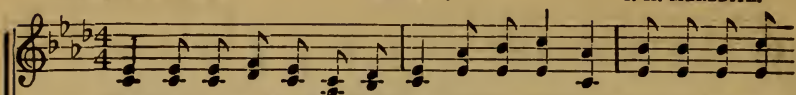
With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 97. THOU HAST PUT GLADNESS IN MY HEART.

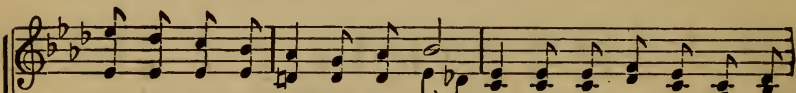
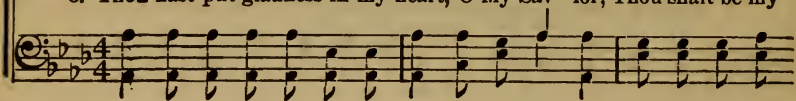
CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

Psalm 4: 7.

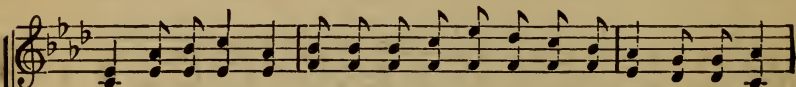
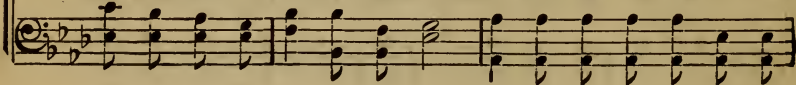
I. H. MEREDITH.



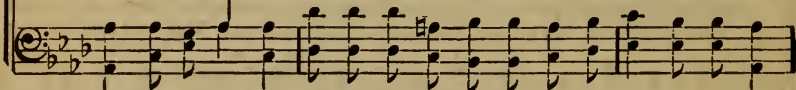
1. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, O my Sav - ior; Bless-ed, bless-ed
2. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, O my Sav - ior, Bear-ing all my
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, O my Sav - ior; Thou shalt be my



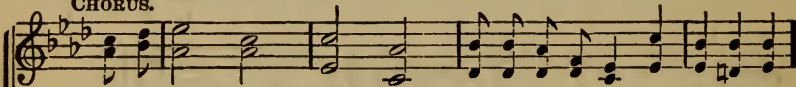
ti-dings of great joy Thou hast brought; When I was lost, and there was sorrows with com-pas-sion su - preme! Thou on dark Cal - va - ry hast ev - er - last-ing por-tion and choice; I will ex - alt Thee for Thy



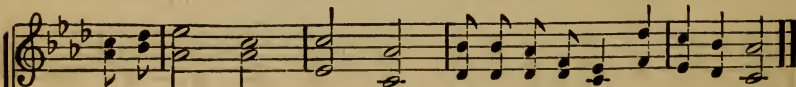
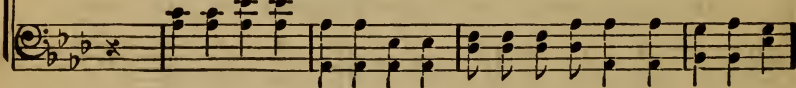
none that could save me, Wonderful redemption for my soul Thou hast wrought purchased my par-don; Loving me, O Savior, Thou hast died to re-deem. mer - ci - ful fa - vor; In Thy great sal - va - tion let me ev - er re-joice.



CHORUS.



I am hap - py, hap - py, hap - py in my Savior's love to me;
happy, happy, happy, happy,



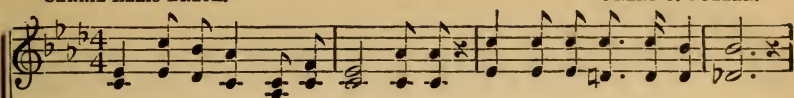
I am hap - py, hap - py, hap - py in my Savior's love to me.
happy, happy, happy, happy,



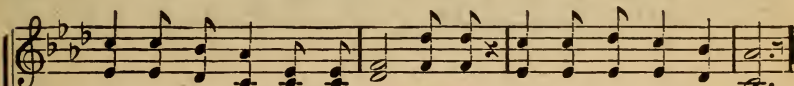
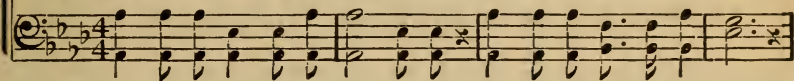
No. 98. BETTER BE ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

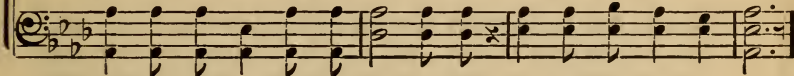
GRANT C. TULLAR.



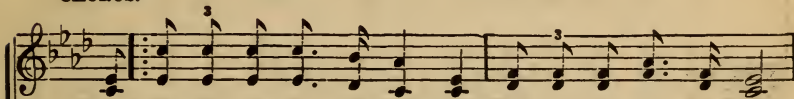
1. Will you to Je - sus be - long, brother? Whom are you go - ing to serve?
2. Christ's in - vi - ta - tion is broad, brother, Bet - ter His serv - ice be - gin;
3. Will you from e - vil de - part, brother? Ev - er be read - y to do,
4. Day - time is pass - ing a - way, brother, Bet - ter not tri - fle nor sleep;



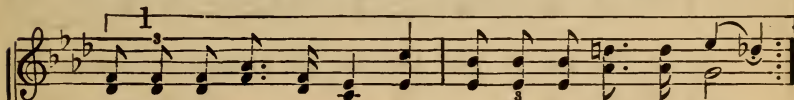
Will you be loy - al and strong, brother, Nev - er from Him to swerve?
Bet - ter be hon - est with God, brother, Bet - ter re - pent of sin.
With an o - be - di - ent heart, brother, Just what He asks of you?
Bet - ter be sow - ing to - day, brother, What you ex - pect to reap.



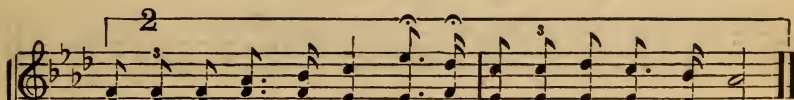
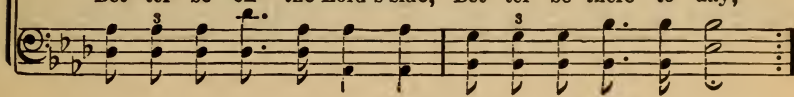
CHORUS.



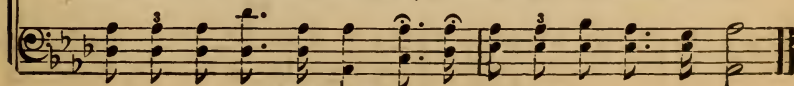
You'd bet - ter be on the Lord's side; Bet - ter be - gin to pray;



Bet - ter be on the Lord's side; Bet - ter be there to - day;



Bet - ter be on the Lord's side; You'd bet - ter be there to - day.



No. 99. THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

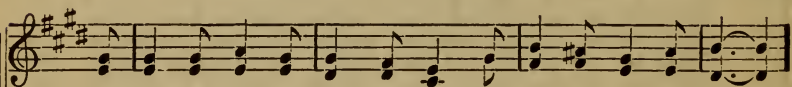
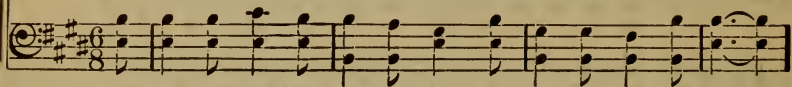
CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

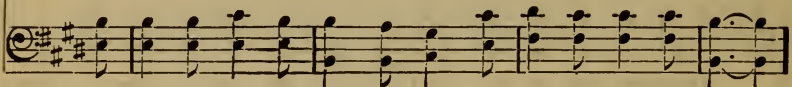
Moderato.



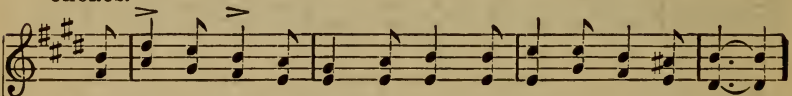
1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can-not tell, What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;



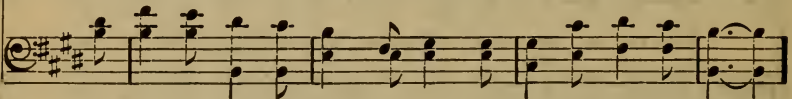
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His pre-cious blood.
He on - ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.



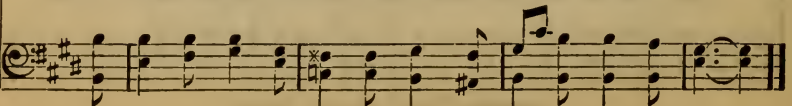
CHORUS.



Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too;



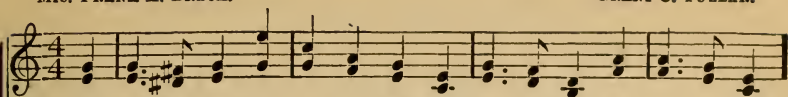
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.



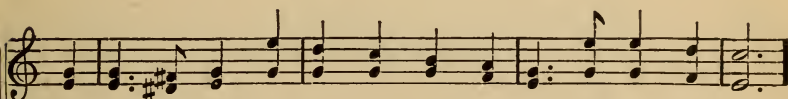
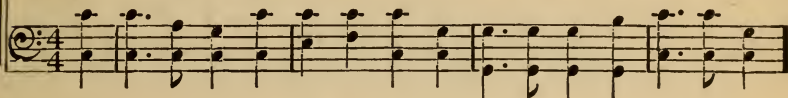
No. 100. I'M GLAD HE DIED FOR ME.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

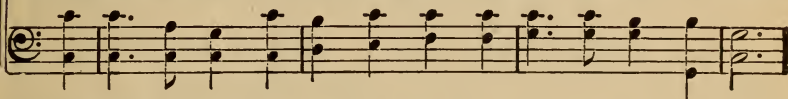
GRANT C. TULLAR.



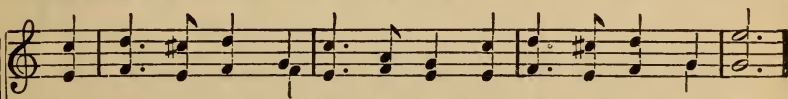
1. When I re-mem-ber all my sin, How un - be-liev - ing I have been,
2. When grievous burdens weight my life, When I am vexed by care and strife,
3. When I re-joice for loving friends, When sweetest peace my way attends,
4. When tri - als wait at ev - 'ry turn To teach the les - sons I must learn,
5. When heaven's gates shall o - pen wide, And I for - ev - er there a - bide,



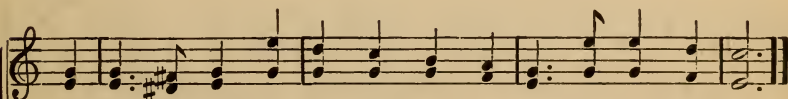
How far from God my soul could be,—I'm glad He died for me.
When 'tis so dark I can - not see,—I'm glad He died for me.
When grace and mer - cy crown-eth me,—I'm glad Christ died for me.
When earth - ly hopes and com - forts flee,—I'm glad He died for me.
I'll sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, I'm glad He died for me.



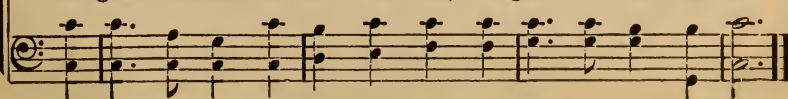
CHORUS.



I'm glad He died for me, for me, I'm glad He died for me;



I'm glad He makes the sin - ner free, I'm glad He died for me.



No. 101. BRIGHTEN THE WAY WITH A SMILE.

"Let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth
in His might. Judges, 5: 31.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK,

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. "Let them that love Him be shining," Brighten the way with a smile,
2. Burdens may heav-i - ly press you, Sa - tan may seek to be - guile,
3. "Let them that love Him be shining," Brighten the way with a smile.
4. Je - sus will ev - er be near you, Brighten the way with a smile.

Nev - er give way to re - pin - ing, Brighten the way with a smile.
Days may be shrouded with darkness, Brighten the way with a smile.
Com - fort the sad and the lone - ly, Brighten the way with a smile.
"Let them that love Him" be joy - ful, Brighten the way with a smile.

DUET. Soprano & Alto.

Je - sus has said to His loved ones, "Ye are the light of the world,"
Sor - row and darkness will van - ish, Sin and temp - tat - ion will flee;
"Let them that love Him be shining," Shining and smil - ing as light,
Je - sus will give you His gladness, Bidding all shad - ows de - part,

Shine, then, with ra - di - ant brightness, Till every shad - ow be furled.
Stead - i - ly look - ing to Je - sus, Glo - ri - ous light you shall see.
Blessing the world in its sor - row, Go as "The sun in His might."
Scatter bright smiles all about you, Smiles that will come from the heart.

BRIGHTEN THE WAY.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Smile..... in the sun - shine, Smile..... in the
Smile in the sunshine, Smile in the rain, Smile in the sunshine,

rain,..... Smile..... in the glad - - ness,
Smile in the rain, Smile in the gladness, Smile in the pain,

Smile..... in the pain;..... Je - sus will
Smile in the glad-ness, Smile in the pain;

bright-en the mor - row, Darkness will end with the night;

Rit.

Tar-ry no long-er in sor-row, Dwell ev-er-more in the light.

No. 102. JESUS IS LIVING WITH ME.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER.

Eph. 3: 17.

I. H. MEREDITH

1. Tho' ma - ny my bur - dens and sor - rows, And ma - ny the
 2. The joys of my life may all fail me, And friendship and
 3. Tho' all of life's work be un - no - ticed, And tho' I for -
 4. Some day my frail tent shall be fold - ed, Mine eyes to earth's

tri - als I see, My heart is o'er-flow-ing with glad-ness, For
 for-tune may flee, But these have no pow - er to move me, When
 got-ten should be, I can-not be wea - ry or lone - ly Since
 glo - ries grow dim; I then shall a-wake in His like-ness, And

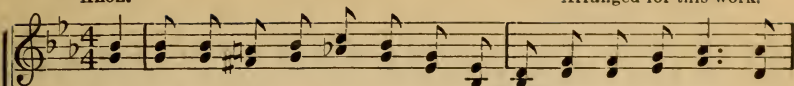
Je - sus is liv-ing with me. Liv - - ing with me,.....
 Je - sus is liv-ing with me.
 Je - sus is liv-ing with me.
 ev - er be liv-ing with Him. Living with me, yes, liv-ing with me,

Liv - - ing with me,..... Je - - - sus, my
 Living with me, yes, liv - ing with me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, is

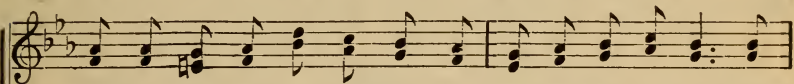
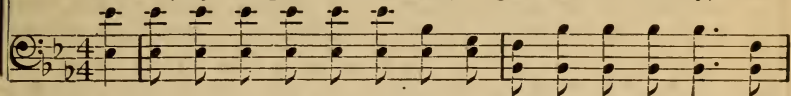
Rit.
 Sav - - ior, Is liv - - ing with me
 liv - ing with me, Is liv - ing with me, yes, liv - ing with me.

Anon.

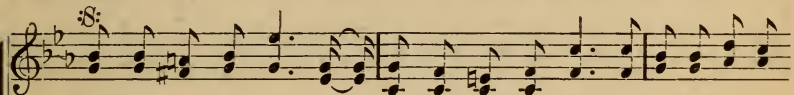
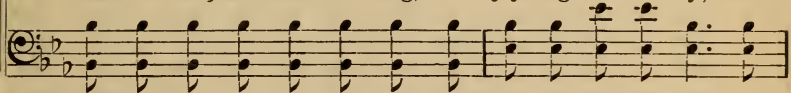
Arranged for this work.



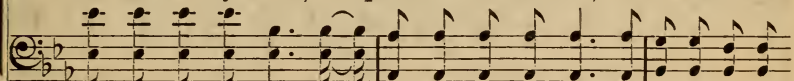
1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
2. When those who once were dearest friends Be-gin to per - se - cute, And
3. And thus, by fre - quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And



trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
those who once pro-fessed to love Have si - lent grown and mute; I
march a - long with cheer-ful song, Eu - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

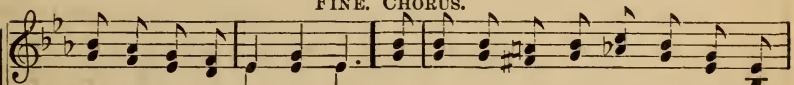


· soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call,—A lit-tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief,—A lit-tle talk with
Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit-tle talk with

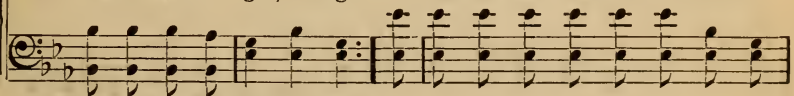


D.S. trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al - ways find,—A lit-tle talk with

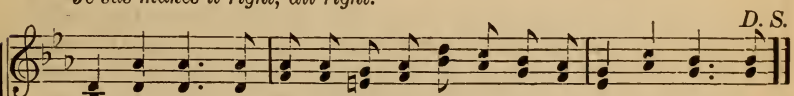
FINE. CHORUS.



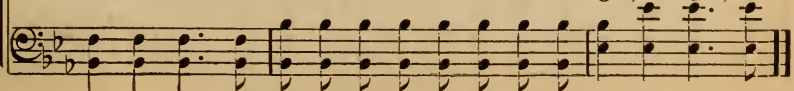
Je-sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it



Je-sus makes it right, all right.



right, all right, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right, In

*D. S.*

No. 104. YOU CANNOT SMILE IN VAIN.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

SOLO. *Moderato.*

1. The cost is but a tri- fle For a smile when all is well, But
 2. When summer's sun is shining And na- ture's all a- glow, You
 3. When all around is gladness, And hearts are light and gay; You'll
 4. It costs you but a lit- tle, And brings a rich in- crease; So

when the heart is heav- y, Its cost no one can tell. 'Tis
 car - ry thro' the sunshine A smile wher- e'er you go. But
 find a friend to join you, And help you smile that day. But
 thro' the clouds and sunshine Let smil- ing nev - er cease. Don't

well to prac - tice now and then A smile a - midst the
 why not smile in win - ter With naught but sleet and
 when the world most needs them, Do not from smile re-
 let your smil - ing all be o'er When days are sloshed with

pain, Tho' great the cost, 'tis nev- er lost, You can- not smile in vain.
 rain? Whate' er the cost, 'twill not be lost, You can- not smile in vain.
 fra in; 'Twill lift some cross, add gain to loss, And nev- er be in vain.
 rain; Crown ev - 'ry day with smiles bright ray, You can- not smile in vain.

YOU CANNOT SMILE IN VAIN.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Crown days with bright - ness, Smile as you

go,..... Some heart 'twill bright - en,

Rit.
No one may know;..... Smile through the


glad - ness, Sor - row and pain;.....

Rit.
Smil - ing for Je - sus Is nev - - er in vain.

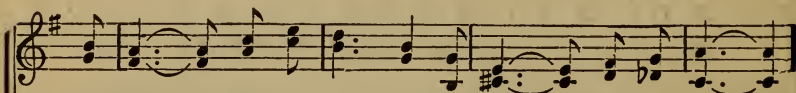
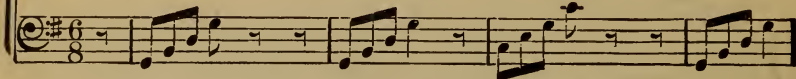
No. 105. WE'RE NEARING THE CITY.

Rev. HARRY WHITE.

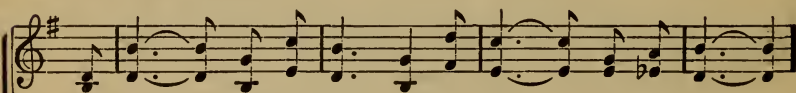
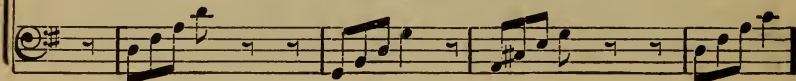
I. H. MEREDITH.




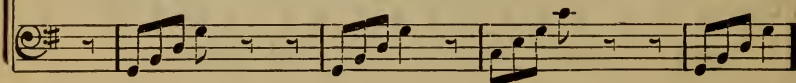
1. We're near - ing the cit - y of which we are told;
2. Mid tri - - als and dan - gers and an - guish of soul,
3. We're cross - ing the riv - er, we're out on its tide;
4. O sin - ner, now drift - ing far out on the tide



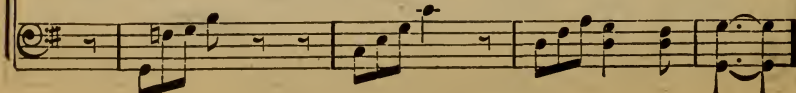
Its walls are of jas - per, its streets are of gold;
Tho' dark be the night and the wild bil - lows roll,
The cit - - y ap - pears on the fair E - den side;
Of sin's bit - ter an - guish, in death to a - bide,



Tho' lone - ly, and drear - y, and bois - t'rous the way,
I see a light gleam - ing a - cross the dark wave,
There, an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come us home,
Turn back to the Sav - ior—for you He has died;



We'll anch - or in heav - en, with Je - sus to stay.
And Je - - sus stands wait - ing the lost ones to save.
To swell the sweet cho - rus a - round the white throne.
Come anch - or your soul in the Lamb cru - ci - fied.



WE'RE NEARING THE CITY.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

We're bound..... for that cit - - - y where com - - eth no -
We're bound for that cit - y, that beau-ti-ful cit-y where cometh no night, where

Rit.
night,..... Oh, glo - ri-ous cit - y of end-less de - light.
com-eth no night,

No. 106. THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way; Where saints in
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will you
3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a

glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worth-y
doubt-ing stand, Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from
Fa-ther's hand, Love can - not die; Oh, then, to glo - ry run, Be a

is our Sav - ior, King, Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
sin and sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
crown and kingdom won, And bright a - bove the sun We reign for aye.

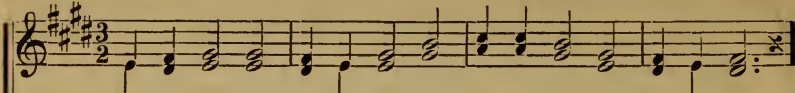
No. 107.

SWEETLY RESTING.

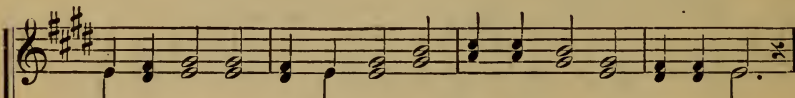
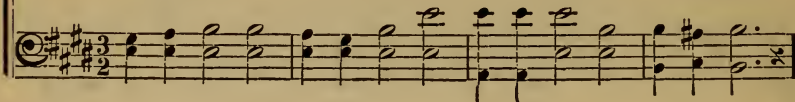
(Dedicated to Chaplain C. C. McCabe.)

MARY D. JAMES.

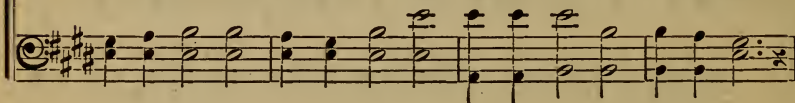
W. WARREN BENTLEY. By per.



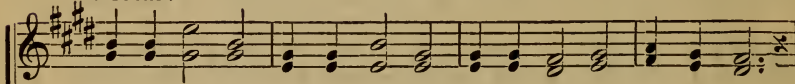
1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Safe - ly shel - ter'd, I a - bide;
2. Long pur - sued by sin and Sa - tan, Wea - ry, sad, I long'd for rest;
3. Peace, which passeth un - der - stand - ing, Joy, the world can nev - er give,
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past;



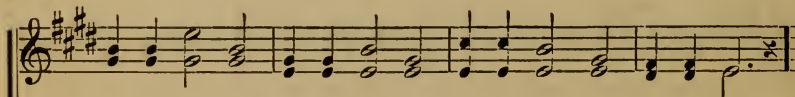
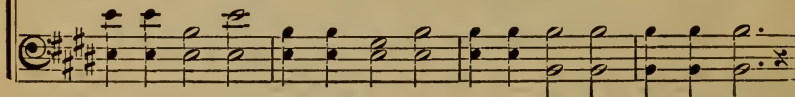
There no foes nor storms mo - lest me, While with - in the cleft I hide.
 Then I found this heav'n - ly shel - ter, O - pened in my Sav - ior's breast.
 Now in Je - sus I am find - ing; In his smiles of love I live.
 All se - cure in this blest ref - uge, Heed - ing not the fierc - est blast.



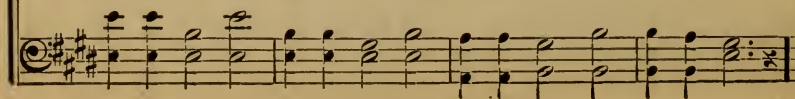
REFRAIN.



Now I'm rest - ing, Sweet - ly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me;



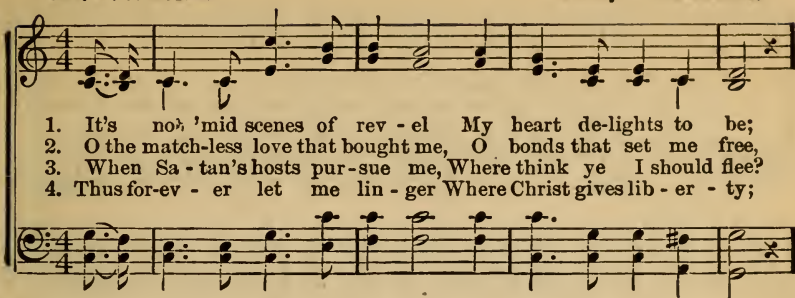
Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.



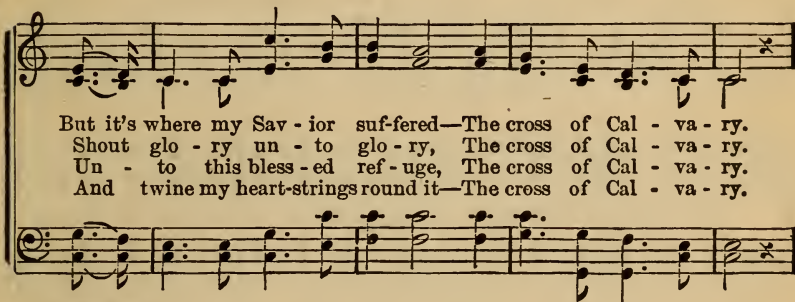
No. 108. THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER.

Arr. by I. H. MEREDITH.

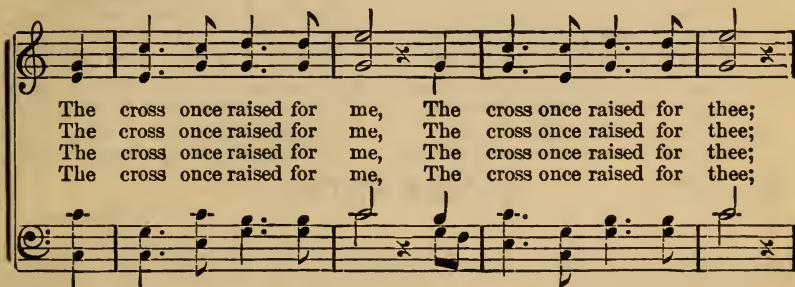


1. It's no^t 'mid scenes of rev - el My heart de-lights to be;
2. O the match-less love that bought me, O bonds that set me free,
3. When Sa - tan's hosts pur - sue me, Where think ye I should flee?
4. Thus for - ev - er let me lin - ger Where Christ gives lib - er - ty;

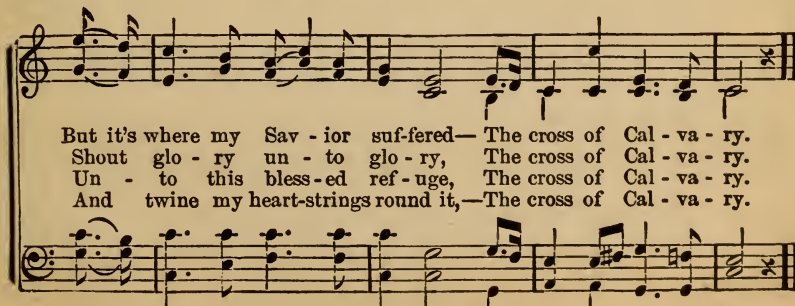


But it's where my Sav - ior suf - fer'd—The cross of Cal - va - ry.
Shout glo - ry un - to glo - ry, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
Un - to this bless - ed ref - uge, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
And twine my heart-strings round it—The cross of Cal - va - ry.

REFRAIN.



The cross once raised for me, The cross once raised for thee;
The cross once raised for me, The cross once raised for thee;
The cross once raised for me, The cross once raised for thee;
The cross once raised for me, The cross once raised for thee;



But it's where my Sav - ior suf - fer'd—The cross of Cal - va - ry.
Shout glo - ry un - to glo - ry, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
Un - to this bless - ed ref - uge, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
And twine my heart-strings round it,—The cross of Cal - va - ry.

No. 109.

HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior, and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }

♩: CHORUS.

FINE.

D.S.—Happy day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 O happy bond that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love;
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.</p> | <p>4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possessed.</p> |
| <p>3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.</p> | <p>5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.</p> |

No. 110.

GLORIA PATRI.

I. H. MEREDITH.

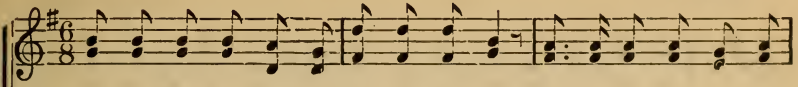
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be world with - out end. A - men.

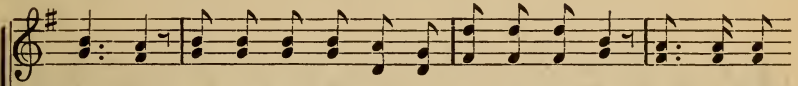
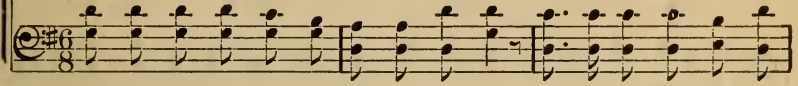
No. 111. ALL THE WAY LONG IT IS JESUS.

I. H. M.

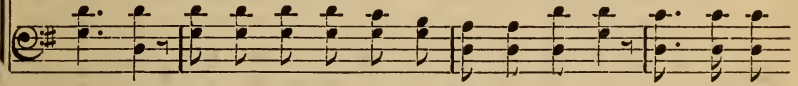
I. H. MEREDITH.



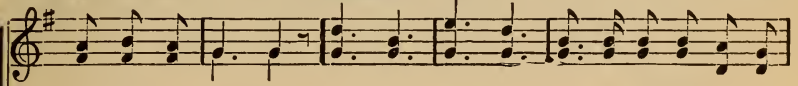
1. Joy - ful I sing as I jour - ney each day; All the way long it is
2. Tho' I am tempt - ed and sor - row - oppressed, All the way long it is
3. Noth - ing shall sev - er my Sav - ior from me; All the way long it is
4. There I shall sing on that beau - ti - ful strand; All the way long it is



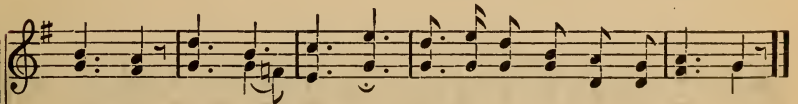
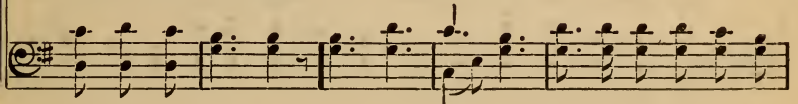
Je - sus; Safe while He leads me, I nev - er shall stray; All the way
Je - sus; Still I can trust Him, His Spir - it gives rest; All the way
Je - sus; Soon in its beau - ty His face I shall see; All the way
Je - sus; There in the pres - ence of Christ I shall stand; All the way



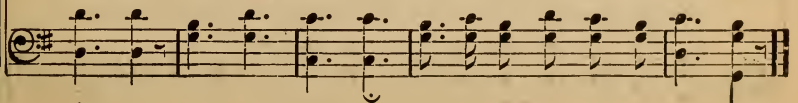
CHORUS.



long it is Je - sus.
long it is Je - sus. } Je - sus, Je - sus, All the way long it is
long it is Je - sus. }
long it is Je - sus. }

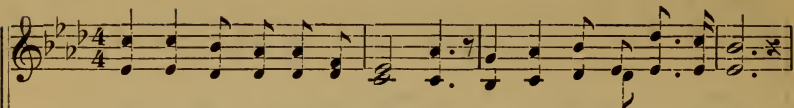


Je - sus; Je - sus, Je - sus, All the way long it is Je - sus.

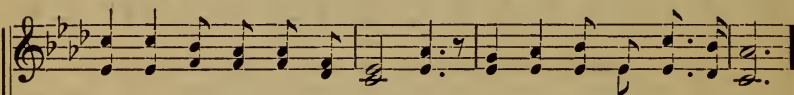
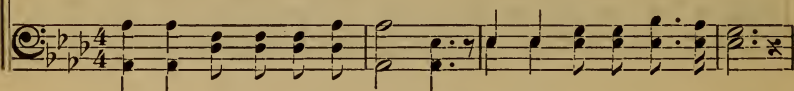


C. S. K.

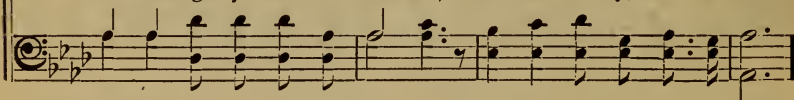
C. S. KAUFFMAN.



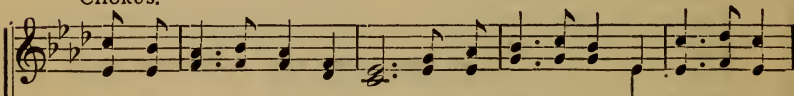
1. Sav - ior, cru - ci - fied for sin - ners, Died up - on the cru - el tree;
2. See His hands and feet all bleed - ing, All for me His blood was shed;
3. Now the bands of sin are bro - ken, Now the cap - tive is set free;
4. Sav - ior dear, our ref - uge ev - er, Thou wilt nev - er leave us here;



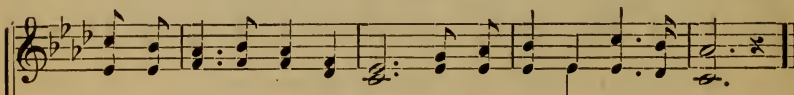
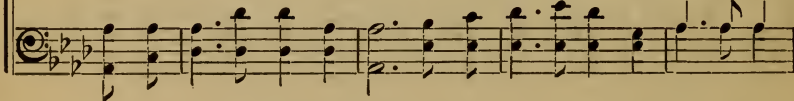
Bore for me the crown of sor - rows, Free - ly shed His blood for me.
 Now de - liv - er - ance is wait - ing, Christ is ris - en from the dead.
 Now the pard'ning word is spok - en, Take the gift, it is for thee.
 Thou art might - y to de - liv - er, Ev - er read - y, ev - er near.



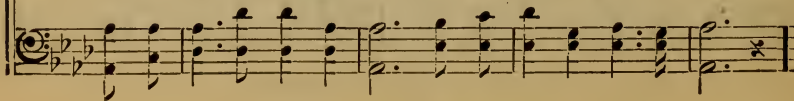
CHORUS.



Oh, the blood! the precious blood! Free - ly shed for me on Cal - va - ry;



Oh, the blood! the pre - cious blood! Now ap - plied, doth set me free.



MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Some-bod - y cares for sin - ners, Some-bod - y died for them.
 2. Some-bod - y cares for sin - ners, Some-bod - y par - dons sin,
 3. When hu-man need is great - est, Some-bod - y hears your call,
 4. Some-bod-y's love is last - ing, Some-bod - y's love is true.
 5. Some-bod-y's hand will lead you Safe o - ver Jor - dan's brim;

Some-bod - y cares for sin - ners, Tho' all the world con-demn.
 Some-bod - y has a king - dom That all may en - ter in.
 Some-bod - y comes to help you, And be your all in all.
 And in heart-breaking sor - row Some-bod - y weeps with you.
 For He in Heav'n will need you If you have cared for Him.

CHORUS.

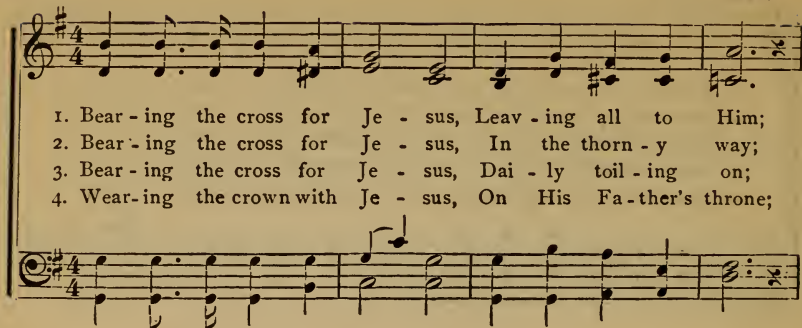
Yes, there's a Friend who loves you, One who will hear your pray'rs;

In ev - 'ry time of troub - le, Je - sus is the one who cares.

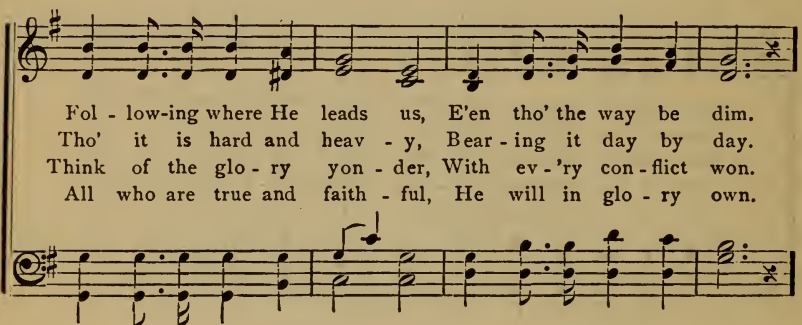
No. 114. BEARING THE CROSS FOR JESUS.

C. S. K.

C. S. KAUFFMAN.

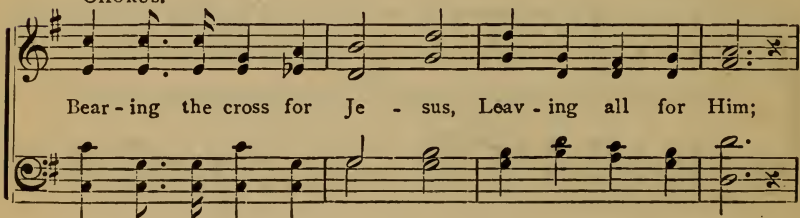


1. Bear - ing the cross for Je - sus, Leav - ing all to Him;
2. Bear - ing the cross for Je - sus, In the thorn - y way;
3. Bear - ing the cross for Je - sus, Dai - ly toil - ing on;
4. Wear - ing the crown with Je - sus, On His Fa - ther's throne;

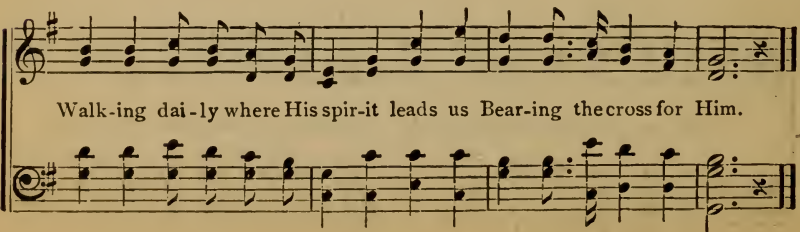


Fol - low - ing where He leads us, E'en tho' the way be dim.
Tho' it is hard and heav - y, Bear - ing it day by day.
Think of the glo - ry yon - der, With ev - 'ry con - flict won.
All who are true and faith - ful, He will in glo - ry own.

CHORUS.



Bear - ing the cross for Je - sus, Leav - ing all for Him;



Walk - ing dai - ly where His spir - it leads us Bear - ing the cross for Him.

No. 115.

WHERE HE LEADS ME.

Arranged.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

ad lib.

I can hear my Sav - ior calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 116.

BLEST BE THE TIE.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

FROM H. G. NAGELL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain:

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 117. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,

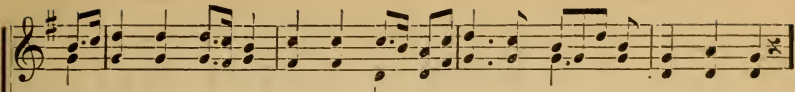
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's

sins a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love for Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

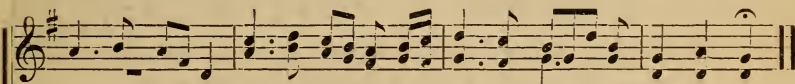
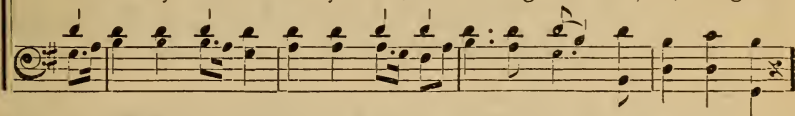
No. 118. LOVING KINDNESS.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with - stand - ing all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my will op - pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom y cloud, Has gath - ered thick and thundred loud,

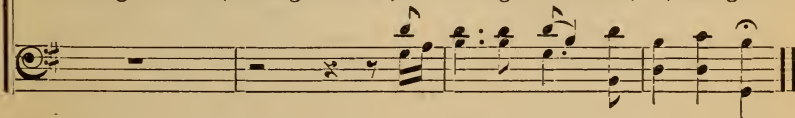
LOVING KINDNESS. Concluded.



He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!
 He saves me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great!
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how strong!
 He near my soul has al - ways stood, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how good!



Lov - ing kind - ness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!
 Lov - ing kind - ness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great!
 Lov - ing kind - ness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how strong!
 Lov - ing kind - ness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how good!



PLEVEL'S HYMN. 7.

FINE. D. S.

119. Hasten Sinner.

- 1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:
 Wisdom if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:
 Lest thy season should be o'er
 Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
 Ere salvation's work is done.

120. Take My Life.

- 1 Take my life and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord to Thee.
 Take my hands and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love.
- 2 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
 Take my will and make it Thine,
 Let it be no longer mine.
- 3 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 Let it be Thy royal throne,
 Take my love, my Lord of power,
 At Thy feet its treasures store.

No. 121. THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER

Western Melody.

1

I. { There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood [Omit.....]

D.C.—And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood [Omit.....]

2 FINE. D.C.

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

Lose all their guilty stains.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.</p> <p>3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.</p> | <p>4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.</p> <p>5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave, [tongue</p> |
|---|--|

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

122. Am I a Soldier?

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,—
A follower of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word,

123. Come, Holy Spirit.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ORTONVILLE, C. M.

The image shows two systems of musical notation. The first system is for 'Majestic Sweetness' and the second is for 'My Hope is Built'. Both are in 6/4 time and G major. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/4. The second system also consists of two staves with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

124. Majestic Sweetness.

- 1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
—And carried all my grief.

125. My Hope is Built.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less,
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness,
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
- CHO.—On Christ the solid Rock I stand:
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
 - 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul give way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
 - 4 When He shall come with trumpet
sound,
O, may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

126. Amazing Grace.

- 1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!

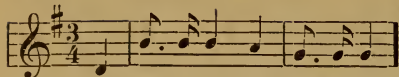
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
And grace my fears relieved; [fear,
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

127. Even Me.

- 1 Lord I hear Thy shower of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Shows the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
- CHO.—Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me.
 - 3 Pass me not, O tender Savior!
Let me love and cling to Thee:
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.
 - 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.
 - 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless:
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.
 - 6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee,
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

128. Beulah Land.



1 I've reached the land of corn and wine
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed, one blissful day;
For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS.

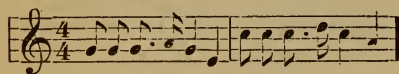
O Beulah Land! sweet Beulah Land?
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home for evermore.

2 My Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by His hand,
For this is heaven's borderland.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever vernal trees;
And flowers that, never fading, grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.

129. Bringing in the Sheaves.



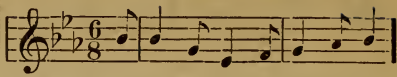
1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of
kindness, [eves;
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of
reaping, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

CHO.—||:Bringing in the sheaves,;||
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in
the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the
shadows, [chilling breeze;
Fearing neither clouds, nor winter's
By and by the harvest, and the labor
ended, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the
Master, [often grieves;
Though the loss sustained our spirit
When our weeping's over He will bid
us welcome, [the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

130. The Great Physician.



1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer,
O hear the voice of Jesus.

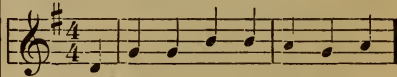
CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus!

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

5 His name dispels my guilt and fear;
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus!

131. Crown Him Lord of All.



1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball:
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

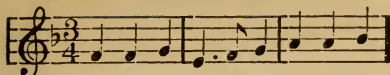
4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

132.

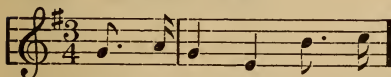
America.



- 1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

133.

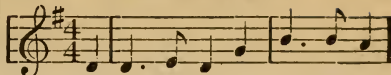
Come to Jesus.



- 1 Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now,
Just now come to Jesus
Come to Jesus just now.
- 2 He will save you,
- 3 Oh, believe Him,
- 4 He is able,
- 5 He is willing,
- 6 He'll receive you,
- 7 Call upon Him,
- 8 He will hear you,
- 9 Look unto Him,
- 10 He'll forgive you,
- 11 Flee to Jesus,
- 12 Only trust Him,
- 13 Jesus loves you,
- 14 Don't reject Him,
- 15 I believe Him,
- 16 Hallelujah. Amen.

134.

Come, Every Soul.

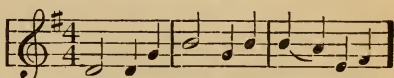


- 1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.
- CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.
- 2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.
- CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.
- 3 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
I'm coming now to Thee,
Since Thou hast made the way so clear
And full salvation free.

CHO.—I will trust Him, I will trust Him,
I will trust Him now;
He will save me, He will save me,
He will save me now.

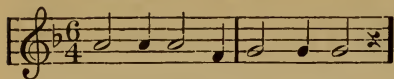
135.

I Have a Savior.



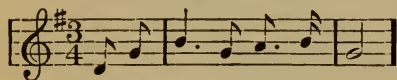
- 1 I have a Savior, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Savior, though earth
friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness
o'er me, [Savior, too!
And, oh! that my Savior were your
CHORUS.—:||:For you I am praying,:||:
I'm praying for you.
- 2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true:
And soon will He call me to meet Him
in heaven, [with me, too.
But, oh! that He'd let me bring you
- 3 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of the world
never know,
My Savior alone is its Author and Giver,
And, oh! could I know it was given
to you!
- 4 When Jesus has found you, tell others
the story, [too;
That my loving Savior is your Savior,
Then pray that your Savior may bring
them to glory, [answered for you!
And prayer will be answered—'twas

136. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

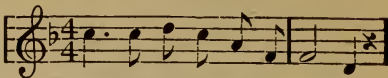
137. I am Coming to the Cross.



- 1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind:
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.
- CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.
- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.

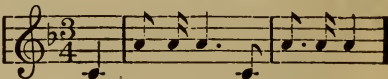
- 3 In Thy promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

138. What a Friend.



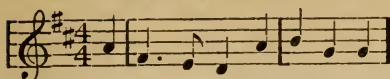
- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

139. I'll Live for Him.



- 1 My life, my love I give to Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
Oh, may I ever faithful be.
My Savior and my God!
- CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me,
How happy then my life shall be!
I'll live for Him who died for me.
My Savior and my God!
- 2 I now believe Thou dost receive,
For Thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
My Savior and my God!
 - 3 Oh, Thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I consecrate my life to Thee,
My Savior and my God.

140. He Leadeth me!



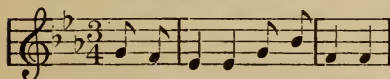
1 He leadeth me! Oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

CHO.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur, nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

141. Come, Thou Fount.

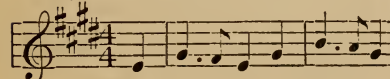


1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

142. At the Cross.



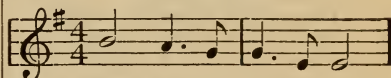
1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die,
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—At the cross, at the cross, where
I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled
away, etc.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do!

143. Nearer to Thee.

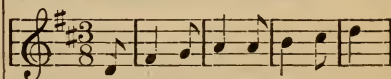


1 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

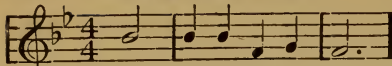
144. Sweet Hour of Prayer.



1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

145. Arise, My Soul, Arise.



1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

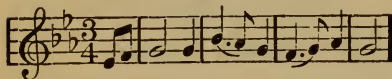
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary:
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me,
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

146. Just as I Am.



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

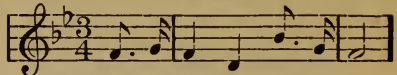
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

147. Rock of Ages.

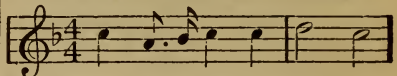


1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

148. Work, for the Night is Coming.

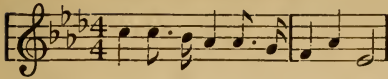


1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun,
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

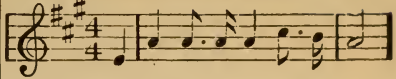
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

149. Glory to His Name.



- 1 Down at the cross where my Savior died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name!
- CHO.—Glory to His name!
Glory to His name!
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name!
- 2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within:
There at the cross where He took me in;
Glory to His name!
- 3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from
I am so glad I have entered in; [sin,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me
clean,
Glory to His name!
- 4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name!

150. The Home Over There.



- 1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.
- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod, [air,
Of the songs that they breathe on the
In their home in the palace of God.
REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.
- 3 My Savior is now over there; [at rest;
There my kindred and friends are
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
REF.—Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.
- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
REF.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

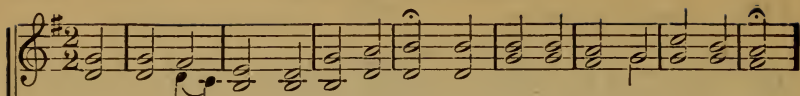
151. I'M GOING BACK TO JESUS.

Tune—"I'se Gwine Back to Dixie." Key of G.

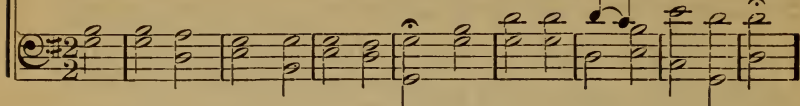
- 1 I'm going back to Jesus, I can no longer wander,
My heart's turned back to Jesus, I cannot grieve Him longer;
I miss the sweet communion, the peace and heavenly union,
My heart's turned back to Jesus, and I must go.

CHORUS.

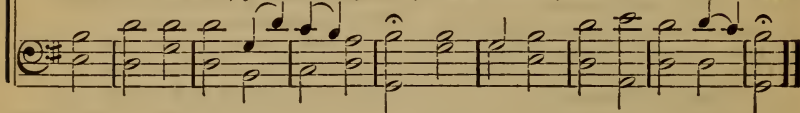
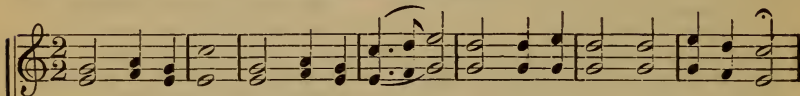
- I'm going back to Jesus, I'm going back to Jesus,
I'm going where the living waters flow,
For I hear His sweet voice calling, repentant tears are falling,
My heart's turned back to Jesus, and I must go.
- 2 I lived in sinful pleasure, in riot spent my treasure,
I dreamed the world was joyful for me without my Savior,
But Oh! when Satan found me, in cruel chains he bound me;
My heart's turned back to Jesus, and I must go.
- 3 I'm trav'ling back to Jesus, my step is slow and feeble,
I pray the Lord to lead me, and keep me from all evil; [me,
And should my strength forsake me, dear Jesus, come and take
My heart's turned back to Jesus, and I must go.

No. 152.**OLD HUNDRED.**

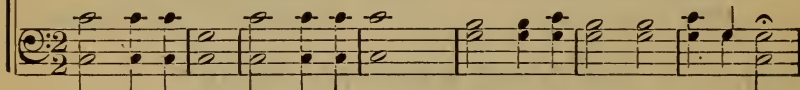
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below;



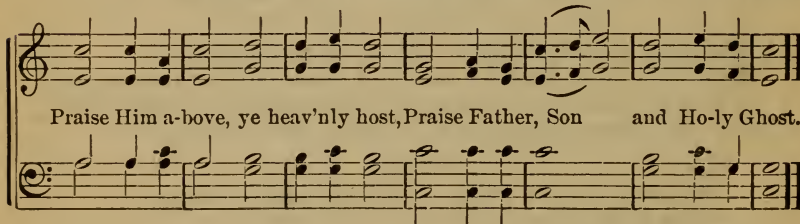
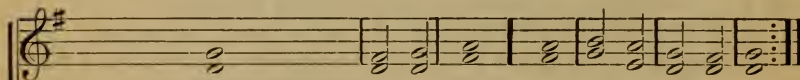
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

**No. 153.****SESSIONS.**

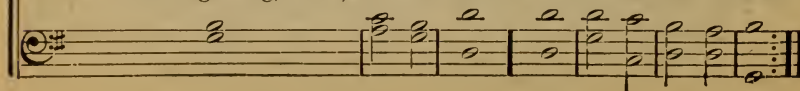
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;



Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son and Ho-ly Ghost.

**No. 154.****GLORIA PATRI.**

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: World without end. A-men.



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Make a ioyful noise unto the Lord, all ye
Lords

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before
his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God. It is he
that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are
his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and
into his courts with praise: be thankful unto
him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting;
and his truth endureth to all generations.

—Psalm 100.

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